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THE
PARENTS
CABINET
OF
AMUSEMENT
AND
INSTRUCTION



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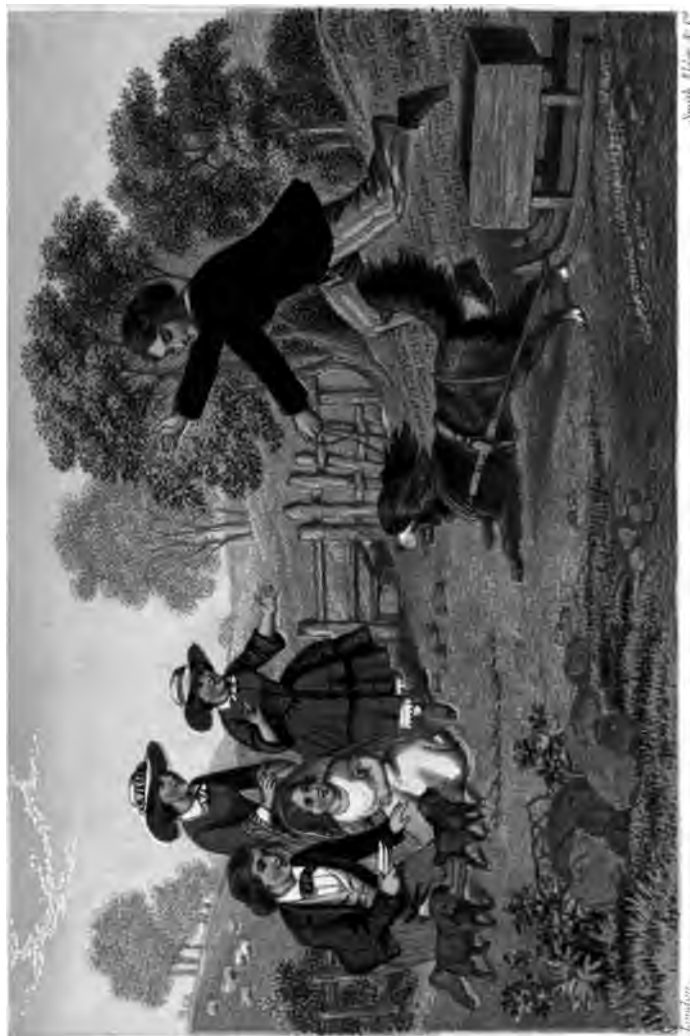
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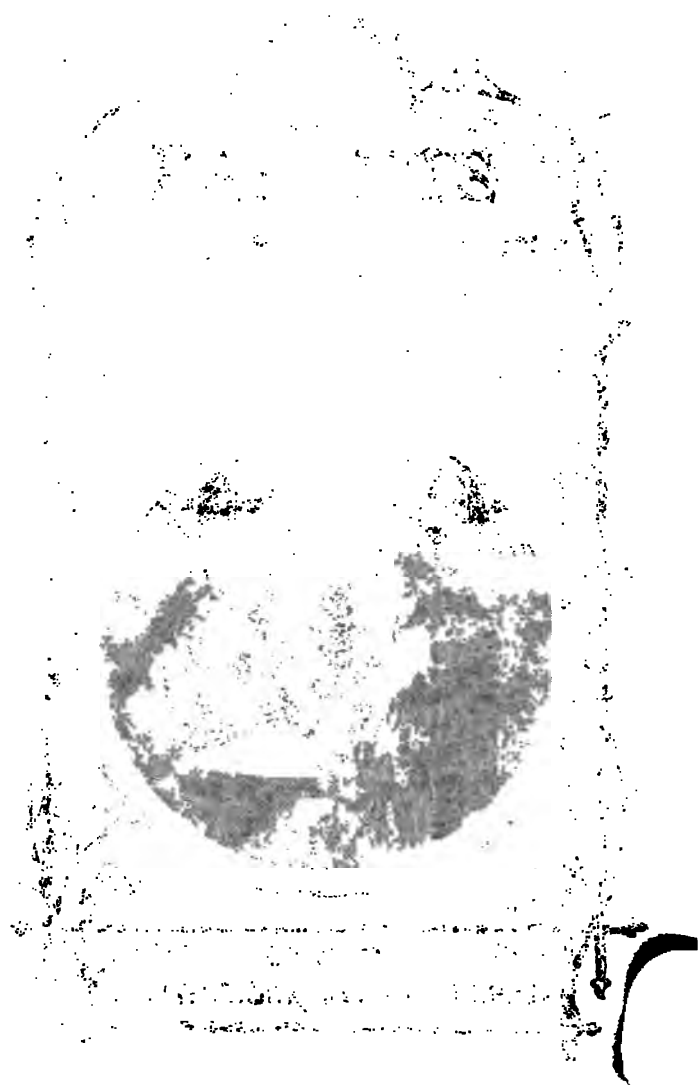
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ADVENT LUCY'S RETURN FROM WOODVILLE



THE
PARENTS
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OF
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THE
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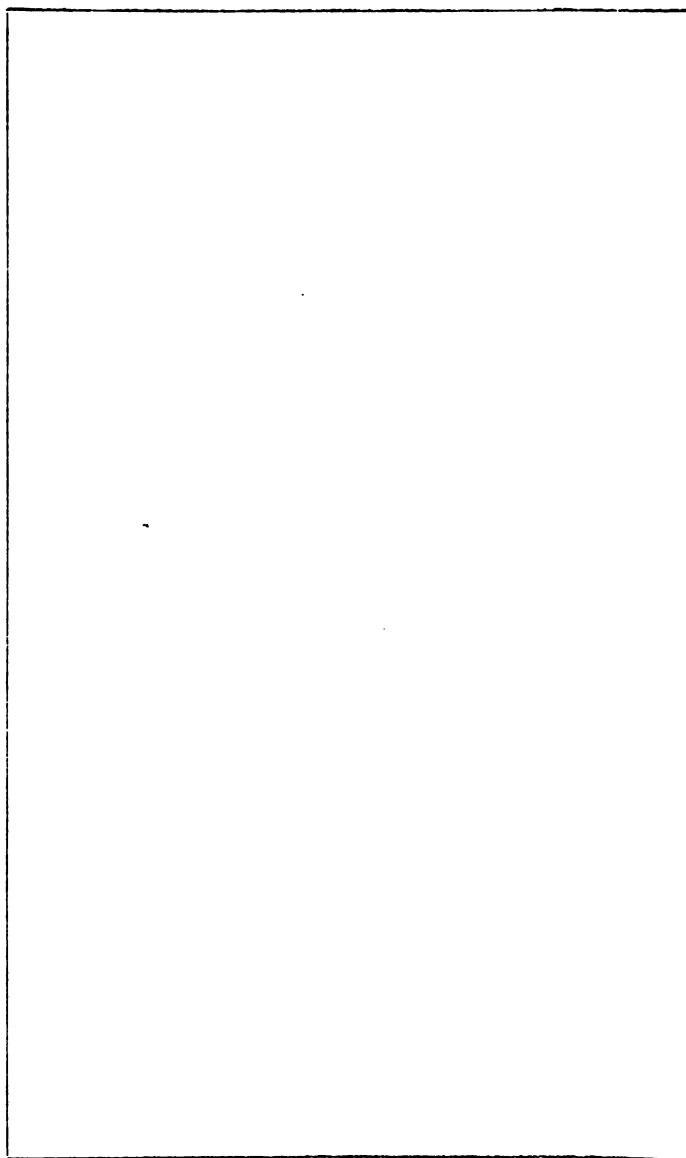
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THE PARENTS' CABINET

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

LOSS AND GAIN.

"WHAT are you doing in the house, this fine day, George?" asked Alfred Grey, of his cousin, George Lowe, seeing him still writing in a corner of the room where he had left him an hour before.

"I am writing my exercise for to-morrow," said George, looking up soberly from his work.

"That everlasting exercise! What, man, are you hammering still at that exercise? I left you thumbing your grammar a good hour and a half ago; is it not done yet?"

"Not quite," said George, sighing.

"That is because you have been poring over it till you are quite stupid," said Alfred. "Come and have a game at trapball to brighten you up. You

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will have time enough for all you can have to do in the evening."

"No, I shall not," said George. "This evening we are going to the riding-school."

"Well, then, to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" repeated George: "why, it is to be given in to-morrow morning."

"So is mine," said Alfred, "but I have not begun it yet, and I do not intend; half an hour before we go in is quite time enough for me."

"For you, perhaps, it is," said George; "but I am not so quick as you are; so I must make amends for my slowness by my steadiness. Do you know what nicknames the boys have given us, Alfred?"

"No; what are they?"

"They call us the Hare and the Tortoise."

"Do they?" said Alfred, half pleased and half vexed. "It is not very civil to you though, George, to liken you to a stupid tortoise."

"Oh! I have no objection to my share of the compliment," replied George, laughing; "slow as she was, the tortoise won the race, you know."

"Yes, because the hare went to sleep; not through any merit of her own," said Alfred. "At any rate, I would as soon lose as go droning on tortoise fashion."

"I would not," said George; "I would rather

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learn quickly than slowly, to be sure; but I would rather learn ever so slowly, than not learn at all."

"So would not I," said Alfred. "If you do not *take* a thing at once, you will never do it at all."

"I should be sorry to think so," replied George, "for there are very few things that I *take* at once, as you say."

"Well, do as you like," said Alfred, half contemptuously. "Fag away, if you like fagging, but it would never do for me."

"Lucky for you if you can do without fagging," said George, good-humouredly, as he took up his pen again: "I cannot: so, with your leave, I must work away still."

"Then you won't come?" George shook his head. "Then I am off without you," said Alfred. "Will Graham and I are to have a trial of skill. Bennet is to be umpire, and Wilson, Hammond, Lambert, and a dozen more are going to look on. I made them wait for you, but if you won't come, I'm off;" and Alfred left the room whistling.

Alfred Grey was a well-disposed boy, and possessed considerable abilities, but he had learned to set too high a value on his quickness of comprehension, and to undervalue industry and perseverance; these he considered as signs of dulness and stupidity. Till his cousin George came to the school, he had been without a competitor; and, at first, Alfred was

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disposed to look upon George with some degree of contempt, when he saw him spending two or three hours in writing an exercise which he himself could do in half an hour. George honestly confessed that he did not learn readily by rote, and that it cost him considerable trouble to get his different lessons correctly; but they were always correct, and that Alfred was compelled to own.

Before George's coming, Alfred was, beyond all dispute, at the head of the school. They had not, however, been three months together, in the same class, before Alfred began to feel more alarm for his reputation than he was willing to admit, even to himself.

George was never discouraged from a second attempt by the failure of the first. Their school-fellows began to draw comparisons, which were sometimes rather alarming to Alfred's vanity. It was allowed by all that "Grey was all to nothing the cleverer fellow of the two;" they seldom failed to add, however, "but Lowe is such a fagging fellow; he has no chance with Grey at first; but then he will try and try again, so that he is pretty sure to get on at last."

Alfred began to think that, after all, a little industry might not be amiss, even for the *cleverest fellow in the world*; but he had so often, in the schoolboy's phrase, "quizzed" his cousin for working

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so hard, that he was obliged, or thought himself obliged, to be idle when he would much rather have attended to his business. On this occasion he would have preferred to sit down with his cousin and prepare his exercise, instead of going to shoot with the bow and arrow with Will Graham; but, having said he could do his exercise in half an hour, he thought himself bound in honour rather to risk the disgrace of writing a bad exercise, than to acknowledge his mistake and take time to do it properly. He was not thinking of what he was about when he began to shoot, and he shot so carelessly that those of his schoolfellows who were the most decidedly of "his party," and had been the loudest in vaunting his skill, began to reproach him in no very gentle terms.

"If I were you, Grey," said one, "I would either shoot better or not shoot at all."

"At least, I would not have so many witnesses of my awkwardness," said another.

"Famous, my boy, that will do famously," shouted Will Graham, capering about, as another arrow fell wide of its aim. "I must take care of my nose, though, for Grey will hit anything but the mark; George Lowe himself could not have shot worse."

"George!" said Alfred, scornfully, "he could not hit a haystack."

"Not now, perhaps," said Lambert, the first

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speaker, a cross boy rendered crosser than ever by the laughter and taunts of "Graham's party,"—"not now, perhaps, but he will soon do that and everything else as well, and perhaps better, than some other folks, in my opinion."

"Your opinion, indeed!" said Grey, turning fiercely round upon the speaker; "pray, who asked your opinion, or who cares for it?"

"You do," retorted the cross Lambert, "or why do you show off, or try to show off, rather, before me?"

"Before *you!* show off before *you!*" said Alfred, angrily.

"To be sure, before me, or before him," repeated Lambert, pointing to a very little boy, the youngest in the school. "As fine a fellow as you think yourself, you are too fond of praise to be very particular where it comes from!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before they were answered by a blow from Alfred, who lost all command of himself at a reproach which his conscience told him was but too well deserved.

The blow was speedily returned, and a regular battle ensued, which was only broken off by the ringing of the dinner-bell.

"There, there, it is all over with you, my fine fellow!" cried Graham, clapping his hands in loud exultation, "no more shooting now: so leave off

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your punching, and go to your munching. But, first, huzza for the conqueror! Grey, I scorn to reckon by how many I beat you, but I'll be generous, and give you a lesson in shooting any time you like. Here, you little Thompson, play us a rub-a-dub upon your drum, 'See, the conquering hero comes!'"—and, followed by all the boys on the playground, laughing and shouting, Graham ran into the house. At the door they were met by some boys who had been detained in the school-room, and many were the inquiries, and long and loud were the questions and the exclamations, on hearing the result of the shooting-match between Grey and Graham.

"What, has Graham really won?"

"Alfred, have you lost—you that are such a capital marksman? Well, I should never have thought of that. How came you to be so unlucky? were you asleep, Grey?" cried a dozen voices at once. Alfred was too angry with what had passed, to answer all or any of the questioners. He forced his way through the crowd without speaking, and took his place sullenly at table.

Before the day was over, Grey had the mortification of hearing his want of skill talked about, and wondered at, by every boy in the school. Graham did not fail to recount the story of his "triumph," as he called it, to every one who would listen to him; and Alfred's cheek burned with shame when

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he heard little Thompson telling one of his companions, in the hearing of George, that the best fun of all was to see what a rage Grey was in, and how he thrashed Lambert for saying that Lowe would turn out the cleverer fellow of the two.

Alfred went to bed that night out of humour with himself and everybody in the school, his cousin included, whom he now looked upon as a formidable rival, and felt inclined to dislike accordingly.

"And so all the boys are inclined to think Mr. George my superior, are they?—and, no doubt, he is of the same opinion," thought Alfred, when he entered the school-room on the following morning. "I think they will find themselves mistaken, though."

Urged by the double motive of surpassing his cousin, and of regaining his lost ground in the opinion of those whom he fancied he despised, Alfred took unusual pains with the exercise, and gave it up to the second master, who inspected all exercises before they were looked at by Dr. Norton, the principal of the school.

It is seldom that a real desire to excel fails of its object. Alfred had the gratification of hearing himself highly praised by Mr. Wilkinson, who was in general remarkably sparing of praise.

It happened that George Lowe had mistaken the rule in his grammar; and there was some confusion in the first two or three sentences. Mr. Wilkinson

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was apt at times to be a little impatient, and on this occasion, after reading a few words, he tossed away the paper with some contempt, saying, "You must give yourself the trouble of reading your rule, Mr. Lowe, before you begin to write. I can make neither head nor tail of what you have written."

The words of the impatient preceptor were quickly caught up and repeated by the boys, who are always severe judges of one another. Sorry, but not discouraged, George bore the jokes of his school-fellows with unalterable good-humour; he was not even angry, when, on going to his desk some time after, he found his unfortunate exercise decorated with a grinning cat's head at the top and a number of scratches in ink at the bottom, with a scrawl in Will Graham's handwriting (noted as being the worst in the whole school), saying that he had only given Lowe's exercise what "Wilky" had said it wanted—"a head and a tail."

"How can you bear to look at such nonsense?" asked Alfred, who, though gratified by the praises bestowed on himself, was too generous to be pleased at George's mortification. "Why do you stand looking at it?" repeated he, impatiently, seeing George quietly examining the specimen of school-boy wit.

"Why not?" said George, coolly. "What would you do?"

"Thrash Graham soundly for his impertinence, in the first place; and then throw his trumpery into the fire, in the second."

"I will take the latter part of your advice," said George, laughing and tearing the paper; "but as to the thrashing, poor Graham is in such continual scrapes, that he is pretty sure of that from some quarter or other. If thrashing could cure him of his tricks, I am sure he gets enough of it."

"And do you mean to allow him to scrawl over your exercise when he pleases, without taking any notice of his impertinence?"

"What notice would you have me take of it?" asked George.

"Oh! don't pretend to quite so much wisdom, Lowe," said Alfred, incredulously. "You must not pretend to tell me that you do not mind being laughed at, especially by such a dunce of a fellow as Graham, who knows no more what he is talking about than a parrot."

"That is very true," said George, "and that is exactly the reason why I do not care what he says. Surely you would not care as much for the ridicule of a person who does not know what he is finding fault with, as for the censure of one who does."

"I believe you are right," said Alfred, after a pause; "but still the impertinence of his taking upon himself to give you advice!—a dunce, who has

thumbed out three grammars, and has not succeeded in learning as many pages!"

"Oh, I forgive him," said George, laughing; "it is easier to quiz than to learn Latin. Do not think, however, that I pretend not to care for anybody's laughing at me. I was much mortified by Mr. Wilkinson's returning my exercise in the manner he did, and I think I should have been still more mortified if you had joined in the laugh, but you did not, and I thank you."

"You are the best-tempered fellow in the world, George," cried Alfred, grasping his cousin's hand cordially. "How I wish I had the same command of my temper that you have!"

"You may have it, if you like to try," said George.

The success of the morning, and the praises of the masters, had restored Alfred to his former rank in the opinion of his school-fellows. Those who had been inclined to consider George as his equal, or nearly his equal, now loudly declared that "it was very clear that all the fagging in the world would not do, if a fellow had no genius;" and as it was much more agreeable to fancy that success was to be obtained by genius rather than by diligence, this opinion soon became very popular in the school. In spite of the contempt Alfred expressed, and perhaps really felt, for the judgment of the greater number of his associates, he was gratified by their praises.

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He had early learned to set a high value on applause, but he had not learned at the same time to consider *why* and *by whom* it was bestowed.

Merit and admiration he had been accustomed to think as one and the same thing.

George's father had always endeavoured to convince his son that the praise of others could not make an action either better or worse.

"Try to find out what you ought to do," said he, "and think as little as possible of what other people say about it, unless you are very sure those people are wiser or better informed than yourself."

"When you are a man, and before you are a man, you will find, George, that both men and boys sometimes praise or blame their acquaintances and school-fellows because they hear others do so, and without being able to give any reason for their praise or their blame." George recollected the words of his father, when he heard the insulting laughter of his school-fellows on this memorable morning. With the exception of Alfred Grey, there were not in the whole school two boys sufficiently advanced to have detected the blunder that had been made. George, therefore, continued quietly at his work, determined to avoid, if possible, such errors in future, without feeling vexed or annoyed at the ridicule so lavishly bestowed upon him.

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Neither did he feel much concerned at the opinion so often expressed in his hearing, that "work as hard as he would, it was clear now that George Lowe would never be equal to Alfred Grey."

"All that I have learned, I have learned by hard labour," said George to himself, "and why should I not learn more by the same means?" And he wisely preferred trusting to his own experience, rather than to the voice of the thoughtless little multitude that formed *his world*.

About this time Dr. Norton offered a gold medal, as a prize for the best written theme; the subject was to be "The conduct of Cyrus."

Four boys proposed making the trial, but Alfred and George were so much in advance of the others, that the struggle was considered to be between them. A month was the time allowed for writing the theme.

"Only a month?" said George, "then I must work hard."

"A whole month?" cried Alfred, somewhat contemptuously; "that is just three weeks more than I require. To-day is Wednesday; to-morrow, then, Thursday three weeks. A week will be quite enough for me."

"Enough, and more than enough," said Will Graham, who, being an incorrigible idler himself, was always delighted to see others idle too. "You

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can do it when you like; leave fagging to those who want it."

"I will leave it to you, then, Will," said Alfred, "for you certainly want it."

"And I shall leave it alone," replied Will, with the indifference of an acknowledged dunce; "you may run the race, and I will bet upon you. Here's two to one upon the Grey—who takes?" cried Graham, always ready for anything but his business. "Nobody will bet against *you*; you are the favourite, Grey; you have it hollow."

"Pooh," said Alfred, turning away, ashamed to feel that he could be pleased by the flattery of a dunce, and still more ashamed that George should see he was pleased.

More than once in the course of the following three weeks, when Alfred saw George steadily working at his allotted task, he half repented of his idle boast, and was more than half inclined to follow his cousin's example. The fear that so often keeps grown people, as well as children, from doing what they know to be right—the fear of being laughed at by foolish people—withheld Alfred from this wiser purpose.

Once, when he had actually opened his desk, and had his pen mended to begin, he threw it down again, on hearing a sneering remark from Lambert, that "after all his bragging, any one might see Grey was *afraid* to put off writing his theme."

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A succession of wet days had confined the boys to the house till the week preceding the Thursday on which Alfred was to begin writing. On Thursday the sky cleared up, and in the evening the boys were allowed to go to the common to play at cricket.

"Grey, where is your bat; you are going, to be sure?" said one of the boys, seeing Grey busy at his task.

"No, I shall not go to-night, I have something else to do," said Alfred.

"Oh! the prize-theme; what difference can one more evening make, after waiting so long? Get up an hour sooner to-morrow instead."

"I might do that, to be sure," said Alfred, "but if I over-sleep myself?"

"Oh! I will wake you, if that be all. I will roar in your ear loud enough to wake you, never fear. Do come, Lowe plays against us; so we have no chance if you desert, for he is certainly the second-best cricketer in the school."

Alfred suffered himself to be persuaded. He went to the common, played his best, and had the satisfaction to see his party victorious after a hard contest. He returned home in high spirits, and went to bed relying on his friend's promise of a "timely roar." The hard exercise, after so many days' rest, had its usual effect. The whole party, Alfred, alas! included, slept sounder than ever, till

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within ten minutes of the usual time of rising; and Powell, the waker, was himself only wakened by the application of a glass of cold water flung full in his face by a boy who slept in the same room. The next day, and the next, brought their own business.

Late on Monday evening, and feeling very tired and stupid, Alfred sat down to begin his theme. Everything went wrong, as usually happens when people are "in a hurry;" that is, when people have put off their business till there is no longer time to do it properly. The ink was so thick it could not be used, and Alfred had to run all over the school-room in search of better; the pens were bad, and no penknife was at hand to mend them; and after disturbing everything and everybody, and losing both time and temper in the search, Alfred recollected that he had lent his to Will Graham.

Graham, who never took care of anything of his own, was of course equally careless of what belonged to others. The penknife was found, after a long search, sticking in a piece of broken hoop, bent and notched like a saw.

So much time was thus lost, that only a few lines could be written that night. On Wednesday evening the theme was finished as it was begun, in a hurry.

It was handed up with a dozen faults of mere oversight, faults that even a second reading might have corrected; but for this there was *no time*.

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Alfred entered the school-room next morning with a beating heart and an aching head. The disgrace of failure was altogether new to him; and his spirits sank when he saw George there before him, with a look of modest confidence.

"I know he wishes to win as much, *almost* as much, as I do," thought Alfred, "and yet how quiet he looks!—perhaps because he feels certain of success, perhaps he has a right to feel certain!" Here Alfred fell into so deep a reverie, that he was only roused by the entrance of Dr. Norton holding the medal in one hand and the papers in another.

Dr. Norton spoke first to Alfred.

"Your theme, like everything you do, Grey, shows great ability, but I am sorry to say it also shows marks of great carelessness and haste. I understand that it was written in a very short time; but the reward was offered not for that which was done most quickly, but for that which was done the best."

The prize was adjudged to George, and the medal present by Dr. Norton with a well-merited compliment. "If it be any consolation to you in your failure, my young friend," said Dr. Norton, again addressing Alfred, "I may tell you that you will never fail but through your own fault. The cleverest must not disdain to labour. Talent *may*, but industry and perseverance *must* succeed."

After Dr. Norton had left the room, Alfred had a

THE PARENTS' CABINET.

short struggle with himself before he could resolve to shake hands with his cousin.

"I hope you do not think that I grudge you the prize, George?" said Alfred. "I can see as well as Dr. Norton himself that you have deserved it, and it is only just that you should have it. What vexes me is the recollection of my own vanity, in listening to the nonsense of Graham and the others, when they said I could always beat you if I tried."

"And so you can," said George, "but you thought you could do more; you thought you could beat without trying."

"I did once think so, I own; but I found out my mistake lately. I am wiser now, I assure you, and that is just the most provoking thing of the whole. After I had made that foolish boast, I saw that it was foolish, and yet I was ashamed to own it for fear the boys should laugh at me; they may laugh now with better reason. However, it will be a warning to me in future not to think so much of myself, or so little of others."

"Let it be so, my dear boy," said Dr. Norton, who had approached them unperceived, and heard Alfred's last words; "let it be so, and if the loss of this one prize will teach you so valuable a lesson, instead of a loss, it will be a real gain to you."

CAPTAIN COOK.

JAMES COOK was born in the village of Marton, in Yorkshire, in the year 1728. His parents were industrious labourers. At thirteen, he left his father's home to be apprenticed to a haberdasher at Whitby, a seaport town in Yorkshire. He disliked the trade, however, so much, that his master allowed him to quit his service, and to bind himself to the master of a collier.

He began by spending his time very differently to his companions; while some were sauntering, smoking, or drinking, in their hours of leisure, he was reading every useful book that he could procure, studying the science of navigation, and making drawings of the dangerous parts of the coast.

During the years that Cook remained a common sailor on board the coasting vessels engaged in the coal trade, he continued these occupations, which fitted him for the important situation he afterwards filled.

In the year 1755, when Cook was twenty-six years of age, he became a sailor on board the

THE PARENTS' CABINET.

Eagle, a vessel of war. He carried with him a letter of recommendation to the commander, Captain Palliser, written by a gentleman at Scarborough, at the earnest request of several of Cook's neighbours, who were anxious to show their respect for his character, and to promote his interest.

Captain Palliser soon perceived Cook's diligent, active habits, and felt desirous to reward them. Only four years after he had entered the navy, he was appointed master of the *Mercury*.

At this time we were at war with the French in Canada, and a fleet had been sent out, under the command of Sir Charles Saunders, to assist General Wolfe in besieging Quebec. The *Mercury* joined the fleet soon after Cook's appointment. During the siege, a difficult and dangerous service was to be performed. This was, to take the soundings or different depths of the river St. Lawrence, in order that our fleet might approach directly in front of the enemy's batteries, while Wolfe attacked the camp. Captain Palliser recommended Cook as a man whose resolution and abilities were to be relied on, and in this arduous employment he was accordingly engaged for several nights. At length he was discovered by the French, who collected a great number of Indians and their canoes in a wood near the water side. The canoes

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were launched in the night for the purpose of taking him prisoner. This was nearly effected, for some of the Indians actually entered at the stern of the boat as Cook leaped out at the bow. He furnished Admiral Saunders with a correct map of the soundings, in spite of every impediment. He also made a chart of the river St. Lawrence, the navigation of which is very difficult.

The winter after the siege of Quebec, Cook was stationed at Halifax, where he studied astronomy and mathematics. From this period, until 1767, he was engaged in making surveys of the coast of North America, its harbours and rivers.

While Cook was in America, he communicated to the Royal Society an account of a solar eclipse that was visible there. The account displayed so much accuracy of observation and astronomical skill, that it excited the notice of many learned men, some of whom became intimate and affectionate friends of Cook.

In 1768 it was determined by the Government to send out astronomers to some part of the South Seas, to observe the transit of the planet Venus.* By calculations connected with accurate observations of a transit, astronomers can ascertain the

* As explained at page 201, volume iv., by the "transit" of a planet is meant its passage across the face of the sun—when the earth, the planet, and the sun, are in the same line.

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distance of the sun from the earth. It is of importance, therefore, that these observations should be made by careful and experienced astronomers.

Another object of the expedition was to discover unknown lands. It had been imagined by many voyagers that a large continent lay towards the South Pole, surrounded by fields of ice. Some writers, indeed, gravely asserted that this continent was equal in extent to the whole of Asia, from Turkey to China ; that it stretched from thirty degrees south latitude to the South Pole ; and that, moreover, the number of its inhabitants amounted to more than fifty millions. At a certain time of the year, when the large masses of ice break up, it was considered that a voyage might be safely attempted to ascertain the supposed fact.

Cook was chosen to command the expedition. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and appointed to a ship called the *Endeavour*. Mr. Joseph Banks, a gentleman of wealth (and of great zeal as a naturalist), Dr. Solander (a Swedish naturalist), and several other gentlemen, accompanied him.

The *Endeavour* sailed from England on the 26th of August, 1768, and on the 15th of January following, entered the straits of Le Maire, a small channel between Staten Island and the desolate country of

CAPTAIN COOK.

Terra Del Fuego, which is separated from the continent of South America by the Straits of Magellan. All former charts of the southern coast of Terra Del Fuego were exceedingly incorrect, and the doubling Cape Horn was considered so dangerous that the Straits of Magellan were generally preferred. An accurate survey was, therefore, taken by the captain and several of the officers.

The Straits of Magellan are so full of contrary currents, and with particular winds so difficult to sail through in safety, that ships have been detained there three months. Cook doubled the Cape in thirty-three days, and by his excellent charts has enabled other voyagers to do the same in a still shorter time.

The *Endeavour*, proceeding westward, soon sailed among the numerous groups of islands of the South Pacific Ocean.

On the 10th of April, Cook arrived at Otaheite, an island that had been discovered by Captain Wallis a few years before.

The 2nd of June, the day of the transit, proved remarkably clear, and the observation was made to the satisfaction of Lieutenant Cook and the rest of the gentlemen. An Otaheitan of rank, named Tupia, and his son Tayeto, accompanied Cook when he left Otaheite. Tupia was of considerable use in commu-

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nicating with the natives of the South Seas, most of whom speak a language very similar in many respects. He also described the situation of many islands which had not hitherto been visited by Europeans. To several islands in the neighbourhood of Otaheite, including that island, Cook gave the name of Society Islands. From thence he sailed to the southward, and after some days land appeared in sight. All hoped and believed that they were approaching the "Unknown Southern Continent," respecting the existence of which authors had disputed for more than two hundred years. The land proved, however, to be the eastern coast of New Zealand, the opposite coast of which had been discovered a hundred and twenty-six years before, by a Dutchman named Tasman. Tasman had entered the straits between the two islands, imagining it to be a deep bay of an unknown continent; but his men having been attacked by the natives, and several of them killed, he left the shores unexplored. From that time until the voyage of the *Endeavour*, the whole of this country, excepting that part of the shore which had been seen from Tasman's ship, remained unknown, and was generally supposed to be an extensive southern continent. Cook sailed round New Zealand, and through the straits that divide the two parts of it. He thus ascertained, beyond a doubt, that it was not a part of a con-

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continent, but formed of two islands, which together were about one-third larger than Great Britain.

Cook seized every possible opportunity of intercourse with the people, gaining much information concerning their customs and manners, and attempting to introduce among them the culture of the potato, and other vegetables. After leaving the shores of New Zealand, Cook steered for Van Diemen's Land, which had also been discovered by Tasman, and which has lately acquired the name of Tasmania. He had now explored three-fourths of that part of the globe where the southern continent was supposed to lie, without being able to find it. It was true he had not yet sailed farther south than forty degrees south latitude, so that it was possible that land might exist between that latitude and the South Pole; but he preferred sailing westward, that he might leave no portion of the ocean near New Zealand unexplored.

At the end of three weeks, a range of green hills appeared in the distance; and, from the observations of Cook and the astronomer, Mr. Green, it was ascertained that they were sailing north-east of Van Diemen's Land, along an unknown coast. The appearance of the natives was most extraordinary; a thick bone was suspended through the gristle of the nose, their dark bodies were painted with white streaks across their chests and backs, and around

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their legs, while their countenances were dusted over with a white powder. They held in their hands a wooden weapon, which they brandished, while their gestures were most threatening. They seemed to care neither for nails, beads, nor other articles, which are generally so attractive to savages. They were the only people in the South Seas who had been seen entirely destitute of clothing. They appeared to wander about like wild animals, and showed so determined a desire to avoid the strangers, that no intercourse was possible without bloodshed.

Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander found the country abounding in objects of natural history; myriads of brilliant butterflies covered every bush, and beautiful parrots flitted from bough to bough. So great a variety of shrubs and flowers ornamented the coast, that Cook gave it the name of Botany Bay—a name which afterwards lost its pleasant scientific association, and became connected with the transportation of criminals, now happily discontinued.

Hitherto this coast had been navigated in safety; but in sailing northward of Cape Trinity, apparently in deep water, the ship suddenly struck against a coral rock. Everything was done to lighten her—guns, casks, stores, and fire-wood, were thrown overboard; while the captain, men, and officers worked at the pumps for more than twenty-four hours, until they were nearly exhausted.

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Upon the rising of the tide, the ship began to float, but the leak increased most alarmingly.

At this perilous moment, a young midshipman, Mr. Monkhouse, told the captain that he had once been on board a ship which sprang a leak, and that the leak had been stopped by hauling under the ship's bottom a piece of canvas, well smeared with oakum, wool, and dung. Cook ordered a similar attempt to be made under Mr. Monkhouse's directions; and, to the great joy of all on board, it was found to answer admirably.

In a few days a harbour was found at the mouth of a river, where the necessary repairs were made. Here they saw, for the first time, the curious kangaroo skipping through the woods, and rearing itself on its strong muscular tail. The natives in this part were more sociable, but they seemed very inferior to any other race of the South Seas. Even Tupia, the Otaheitan, called them, in his language, "poor wretches."

After sailing northward along this unknown coast for two thousand miles, Cook arrived at the land already explored by the Dutch, and to which they had given the name of "New Holland."

Thus, by the joint exertions of the Dutch and of our own countrymen, a continent was discovered almost as large as Europe.

Cook entered the straits between the mainland

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and New Guinea, and gave to them the name of "Endeavour Straits."

Much of the eastern coast of what we now call Australia is surrounded by coral reefs, entirely covered at high water, though occasionally laid dry at low water. The navigation had therefore been attended with extreme danger: no previous chart of course existed to assist Lieutenant Cook; yet, from his watchfulness and his zeal, the spirits of his men scarcely ever flagged.

From Endeavour Straits, Cook proceeded to the Dutch town of Batavia, in the island of Java. Here the ship underwent a thorough repair. This unfortunately detained them two months, during which time almost everybody on board was ill. Poor little Tayeto, who had been in an ecstasy of delight at seeing for the first time coaches, horses, European buildings, &c., died of a fever; then his father, Mr. Monkhouse the midshipman, and five of the crew, died of the same complaint. Shortly after leaving Batavia, the same fever again broke out in the ship; so many were ill of it that the ship was like a hospital, and there were scarcely hands enough to manage her. Thirty persons died in six weeks; and on the arrival of the *Endeavour* at the Cape of Good Hope, there were but six men on board capable of duty. Cook, however, does not himself seem to have been attacked.

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The Dutch Governor at the Cape received Lieutenant Cook and his distressed seamen with the greatest kindness. Houses were prepared, and great attention was shown to the sick. At the end of a month, from the healthfulness of the climate and proper diet, the crew were restored, and were enabled to proceed on their voyage.

On the 12th of June, 1771, the white cliffs of Dover appeared in sight, and in the evening the captain landed, having been three years absent from England.

About six months after Cook's return, he was again appointed commander of an expedition to continue the discoveries in the southern hemisphere. Although he had proved that New Zealand was not a continent, many learned men still believed a large continent lay near the South Pole.

A ship named the *Resolution* was given to Captain Cook; and another, called the *Adventurer*, to Lieutenant Furneaux, who had sailed with Captain Wallis round the world; the expedition being entirely under Cook's control and direction.

Before the vessels sailed from Plymouth, Sir Hugh Palliser, the early and steady friend of Cook, went on board to ascertain whether every preparation had been made according to the captain's wishes. We can hardly tell which of the two friends must have felt most happy, Sir Hugh Palliser in witnessing

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the honourable career of the man whose talents and virtues as a sailor he had so well appreciated, or Cook, in receiving the warm testimony of affection and friendship that he had so well earned.

On the 13th July, 1772, the *Resolution* and *Adventurer* set sail, being well provided with stores for a voyage of two years and a half. This voyage was not so much diversified as the first; but its results were highly important. In this voyage Captain Cook ascertained that there could be no other southern continent, unless so near the Pole as to be out of the reach of navigation. He sailed over the very spots where former voyagers had described land to be situated, and penetrated farther south than any other navigator. He also discovered New Caledonia, the largest island in the Southern Pacific except New Zealand; the island of Georgia, and a coast blocked up with ice, in latitude fifty-nine degrees south, covered with high rocky mountains, which he named Southern Thule. Not a single plant of any kind was found on it, nor a single animal.

Various other small islands he also observed and described, besides settling the situation of former discoveries.

From the captain's unwearied perseverance in guarding the health of his crew, and from the success of his admirable experiments on this subject, he returned to England on the 29th July, 1775, after an

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absence of three years, with the loss of only one man by sickness, out of a ship's company of one hundred and twenty men. They had traversed more than twenty thousand leagues in every variety of climate, and amidst continual hardships and fatigues. The methods Cook pursued are fully described in the history of his voyage, written by himself. Previous to this time, the waste of human life in long voyages was very great; but now they may be protracted for three or four years without fear of injuring the health of the seamen.

The reception Cook met with in England was most gratifying to him. He was immediately raised to the rank of Post-captain, and created a member of the Royal Society. From that learned body he received the gold medal, for his excellent paper on preserving the lives of seamen. All England rang with his praises; but no praise could be so delightful as his own consciousness that he had for ever placed himself among the benefactors of mankind; and that, too, by his own persevering exertions. If he had been content to remain an ignorant sailor on board the collier, he would have missed all the pleasures which his love of knowledge, his active benevolence, and his enterprising spirit, procured him. The ignorant man, however kindly disposed, can never widely benefit his fellow-men.

Captain Cook had now accomplished so much, that

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it was thought but reasonable that he should enjoy the rest of his life in quiet; and in order that he might do so, he was made a Captain of Greenwich Hospital. There were, however, some important questions in geography which the Government was anxious to clear up. These were the connection, or otherwise, between Asia and America, and the practicability of a northern passage, either by sailing eastward round the north of Asia, or westward round the north of America; the object being to shorten the voyage from England to China and the East Indies. This passage had been often attempted by previous navigators, but always without success. Captain Cook was consulted respecting the most proper person to command the expedition, and so much was said on the importance of the design and its probable utility, that Captain Cook offered to conduct it himself. He was immediately appointed commander of the expedition, on the 10th February, 1776. The command of the *Discovery* was given to Captain Clerke, who had been second lieutenant on board the *Resolution*. The instructions from the Government were, that the captain should sail to the Pacific, through the chain of his newly-discovered islands, and attempt the northern passage by Behring's Straits. They were provided with a quantity of seeds of various European vegetables, besides cows and goats, for the use of the South Sea

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islanders ; also a large assortment of trinkets and iron tools, to enable them to traffic with the natives. Draftsmen and naturalists accompanied the expedition, as usual.

After touching at the Cape of Good Hope and Kerguelan Island, Cook steered for Van Diemen's Land, and anchored in Adventure Bay on the 24th January, 1777. The only navigators known to have visited this country before were Tasman, who had discovered it in 1642, and Captain Furneaux, in Cook's second expedition.

The richly wooded appearance of the country excited Cook's desire to know more of its extent, produce, and inhabitants. He was much disappointed to find the natives dirty, naked, and ignorant ; possessing neither weapons of defence, houses, nor canoes. In general, they were not unlike the New Hollanders, on the north-eastern coast of Australia, but their language was perfectly distinct. Their skin was black, and their hair woolly. Those of the natives who lived near the coast dwelt in trees, hollowed out for the purpose by fire. These holes were six or seven feet high, and sufficiently large for four or five persons.

From Van Diemen's Land the *Resolution* sailed to New Zealand, and anchored in Dusky Bay, when Captain Cook again endeavoured to teach the natives the culture of vegetables. A garden that Captain

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Furneaux had planted was still in existence, though overrun with weeds; and the crew of the *Resolution* obtained from it onions, cabbages, radishes, and potatoes. The natives were shyer than usual in their intercourse, probably from fear of the revenge of Captain Cook. In the last expedition Captain Furneaux had lost ten of his crew by a horrible massacre which took place in this part of the island. The sailors had been sent on shore to procure wild greens, and according to the account of the New Zealanders, began the affray by beating two of the natives severely for stealing some of their provisions. This the New Zealanders resented, and then the sailors shot two of them dead. Immediately a large party of the natives rushed to the beach, and overpowered the sailors. Their bodies were afterwards cut up and eaten by the savages.

Some of the New Zealanders offered to give up the chief who they said was the leader of this massacre, that he might be put to death. To this Captain Cook would not consent, as he could not tell who had begun the quarrel, and he feared to punish any one unjustly.

After leaving New Zealand, Cook proceeded to the Society Isles, where he was received with the same hearty welcome as before. As soon as he arrived at Huaheine, all the principal people came out to meet him. Cook took this opportunity to

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entreat them to grant a piece of land to Omai, an Otaheitan, whom Captain Furneaux had taken to England with him, and who had returned to his native country in the *Resolution*. The captain assured them that the horses, and a variety of articles which Omai had brought with him from England, would be very useful to them. They immediately replied, "That the whole island of Huaheine was at the captain's disposal; and, therefore, he could give any part he pleased to his friend." Omai was greatly pleased at hearing this, and thought that the captain would certainly be very liberal; but Captain Cook wisely made the chiefs mark out the ground, which was sufficiently large for the purpose. The ship's carpenter built Omai a house, and a garden was planted round it, with pine-apples, melons, and English vegetables.

Most of Omai's stores were now carried ashore. To his great surprise, he found that his kettles, dishes, mugs, glasses, and plates, did not excite any admiration; and he began to think that he could eat a baked pig without a plate as well as his countrymen; and that a plantain leaf would make as good a dish as one made of pewter. He therefore parted with many of these things to the ship's crew, and received in exchange hatchets and other iron tools, which excited far greater respect among his countrymen. He entertained the officers several times in his

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new house, and was both pleased and grateful for the attention which had been shown to his future comfort. Omai was kind-hearted and good-natured, but he wanted perseverance and application—two useful qualities which are little known to the Otaheitans.

After Cook quitted the Society Islands, he sailed northwards for more than a thousand leagues. On the 18th of January, 1778, being in latitude 21 deg. north, and in longitude 160 deg. west, he fell in with another group of islands, and canoes came off from the land to meet the ship. The natives showed more astonishment on entering the ship than any other people that Cook had ever met with. Their eyes were continually turning from one object to another, the wildness of their looks and gestures fully expressing their entire ignorance of almost everything they saw. Iron, indeed, they had some notion of, from a piece of iron hoop which had been washed on their shores. They refused to accept beads and looking-glasses, but asked for iron articles, which they quickly perceived were useful in cutting hard substances.

When Cook and the officers landed, the natives fell flat on their faces, and remained in that humble posture till Cook, by expressive signs, besought them to rise. They presented branches of plantain as offerings of good-will—a custom which prevails in most of the islands of the Pacific. They speedily provided the ships with water, figs, and vegetables, in exchange

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for nails and other things. In their language, their customs, and their dress, they resembled the Otaheitan; but the cloaks of the chiefs were of a far gayer material, and of very curious workmanship. They were composed of a thin net-work entirely covered with scarlet and yellow feathers, placed so near that the surface appeared like the richest velvet. A helmet, covered like the cloak, completed the costume. Specimens of this kind of dress are now in the British Museum. Captain Cook was quite convinced that no European had ever visited these islands before. After having discovered five in the same group, he gave them the name of the Sandwich Islands. They are situated half way between Acapulco, on the western coast of America, and the Philippine Islands; and, from their situation and productions, have proved of great value to the whaling ships in the Pacific Ocean.

From the Sandwich Islands, Cook proceeded to explore the coast of New Albion, in North America, so named by Sir Francis Drake. The people of this coast resemble the Esquimaux in some degree, and are quite different in manners and habits from the islanders of the Pacific Ocean. They are short, with broad faces and flat noses, and are accustomed to traffic with the neighbouring tribes.

Still sailing northwards, Cook coasted the north-western shores of America, to an extent of three

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thousand five hundred miles, passed through Behring's Straits, that divide the continents of Asia and America, ascertained the exact distance between these continents, and proceeded westward as far as a cape, situated in latitude 79 deg. north, and in longitude 162 deg. west, and which he named Icy Cape. He reached this point on the 18th of August. Finding it impossible to proceed farther in that direction, from the great extent of ice, which was increasing rapidly, he determined to winter in the Sandwich Islands, that, early in the following season, he might be ready to explore the Northern Seas, with his ship in better order, and well provisioned for a tedious voyage.

Neither Behring's Straits nor any part of the American coast on the north-west side had been visited previous to 1728, when Captain Behring made his first voyage of discovery. This voyage was planned by Peter the Great, who wrote out with his own hand the instructions of the commander. After the death of Peter the Great, the Empress, who succeeded him, carried the plan into effect. Behring discovered the straits which bear his name in this voyage; but he kept so close to the Asiatic coast that he did not even see the American shore, although the appearance of the open sea convinced him that the continents were completely separated.

On the arrival of the *Resolution* and *Discovery* at Howaii (or Owhyhee, as the principal island of the

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group is more often called), the crowds of people that flocked to the beach were truly astonishing. Three thousand canoes were counted in the bay, filled with men, women, and children, besides many natives that were sustaining themselves on floats in the water.

On the day after the arrival of the ships, the king, Terreehoo, in a large canoe attended by two others, paddled towards the ships in great state. In the first canoe were the king and his chiefs, dressed in their richly feathered cloaks and helmets, and armed with long spears and daggers; in the second canoe, the chief of the priests and his brethren, with their idols. These idols were busts of a gigantic size, made of wicker-work, and curiously covered with small feathers of various colours, wrought in the same manner as their cloaks; the eyes were made of large pearl oysters, and their mouths set with a double row of dog's teeth. The third canoe was filled with hogs and various sorts of vegetables. As they went along, the priests in the centre canoe sang their hymns, and after paddling round the ships, made towards the shore.

Captain Cook, perceiving that the king was returning without entering the ships, quickly followed him, and they both arrived at the beach together. Scarcely were they seated, when the king rose up and threw over the captain's shoulders the cloak he

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himself wore. He also spread before him five or six other cloaks. The attendants brought hogs, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and sugar-cane ; and the ceremony was concluded by the king's exchanging names with the captain. This custom is considered the highest pledge of friendship among all the South Sea islanders.

The quiet, inoffensive behaviour of the natives, removed all thoughts of danger from the minds of both officers and men. During their two months' stay off this island, they did not hesitate to trust themselves among the natives in all times and situations. The officers frequently made excursions up the country for two or three days together, and on their return had always fresh acts of kindness to relate to their companions.

Cook found not the slightest difficulty in provisioning the ships, or in making the necessary repairs ; and the day before he sailed, was treated with greater liberality by the king and chiefs than at any former time.

Early on the 4th of February, 1779, the *Resolution* unmoored and sailed out of the bay, with the *Discovery* in company. The next day the weather became gloomy, and the gusts of wind were so violent as to split both the fore and maintop-sails of the *Resolution*. The boisterous weather continued, and on the 8th the foremast was found to have given

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way. It being absolutely necessary to repair the mast, Cook made for his old quarters, and on the 10th again anchored in Karakakooa Bay, Owhyhee.

Everything went on in its usual way for a few days; and then the behaviour of the natives suddenly changed, and they were seen armed with stones, and were becoming very quarrelsome. In the evening of the 13th a scuffle ensued between them and some of the *Discovery's* people, on account of some goods that had been stolen from the *Discovery*, and had been regained with difficulty. The same night the *Discovery's* cutter was stolen from the bay, where it was moored. It had been Captain Cook's usual practice, whenever anything of consequence was lost at any of the islands in this ocean, to get the king or some of the principal chiefs on board, as hostages, till the stolen articles were restored. This method, which had always been successful, he meant to pursue on the present occasion. He marched immediately into the village, accompanied by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal, and seven privates, where he was received with the usual marks of respect. They found the old king just awoke from sleep, and he readily consented to go on board with the captain. However, in a short time, the people were observed to arm themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and to put on their thick mats, which they used as armour. This

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hostile appearance was much increased by the news which was just now brought by a canoe, that one of the chiefs had been killed by the seamen in the *Discovery's* boats. Immediately on hearing this, the women removed, and a confused murmur ran through the crowd. Captain Cook, beginning to think his situation dangerous, ordered the lieutenant of marines to march towards the shore as he himself did, all the while holding the king by the hand, who was attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. The king's sons went on board the pinnace without the smallest hesitation; but just as the king was following them, his wife threw her arms round his neck, and, assisted by two chiefs, forced him to sit down. Captain Cook, finding that the alarm became general, and that it was in vain to think of getting the king off without bloodshed, was on the point of giving orders to his people to re-embark, when one of the natives threw a stone at him. The captain desired him to desist, and on his repeating it, fired at him with small shot; the matting protected the man from the shot, which had, therefore, no other effect than to provoke him. Still the captain, unwilling to take away life, merely knocked him down. At the same time several stones were thrown at the marines, and one of the chiefs attempted to stab their officer, Mr. Phillips. Captain Cook now fired his gun, loaded with ball, and killed

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one of the foremost of the chiefs. A general attack with stones immediately commenced, which was answered by a discharge of musketry from the marines and the boats. What followed was a scene of the utmost horror and confusion. The natives, with shouts and yells, rushed in upon the marines before they had time to reload, killed four, and drew the rest into the water, leaving the unfortunate captain and Lieutenant King alone on a rock. One man was seen following the captain with marks of fear, for he stopped once or twice; at last he struck him on the head with a heavy club, and then hastily retreated. Before Cook could recover from the violence of the blow, he was stabbed in the back by a chief. The last time he was seen, he was looking towards the boats for assistance, struggling violently with the natives, who crowded upon him. At that time the boat was not five or six yards distant, but such was the confusion that no help was given to him. Lieutenant King, seeing the captain fall, attacked the chief who had stabbed him, and soon despatched him. Mr. King stood for some time the sole object of the assault. Faint, at last, with loss of blood and excessive exertion, he plunged into the sea, and reached the boats in safety. The lifeless body of the captain was hauled on the rocks by the natives, and used in a most barbarous manner, each showing a savage eagerness to possess a share of his mangled remains.

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Thus fell this great and excellent commander. The dismay and sorrow of the ships' companies cannot be described. His loss was equally felt by the officers and the seamen, because, in every difficulty and danger, they had equally been the objects of his tenderness and care. Even during the struggle that terminated his life, his anxiety was directed to the preservation of his people, and procuring them a safe retreat to the ships.

From his early life on board the collier to his death at Owhyhee, Cook had always evinced calmness in difficulties and dangers, and energy and perseverance in fulfilling what he deemed a duty. He added greatly to our knowledge of geography, while his successful experiments to preserve the health of seamen would alone entitle him to the gratitude of all mankind. Cook may be justly called a great man, for he pursued great and worthy objects by honourable means.

Captain Clerke, by the death of Cook, became commander of the expedition. As soon as the ships could be repaired, he proceeded to the north, hoping to penetrate farther east or west than had been accomplished in the former season.

Notwithstanding his utmost endeavours, he had scarcely reached so far, when he considered any further attempt impossible. The ships had been much injured by the shocks they had received from

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being frequently jammed between the ice ; and unless they were repaired, destruction seemed unavoidable. During the whole of this northern voyage, Clerke was suffering from severe illness ; but his cheerfulness never left him, and his greatest anxiety, to the last, was for the success of the expedition. He died while the ships were stationed at a Russian settlement, on the coast of Kamtschatka.

The *Resolution* and the *Discovery* returned to England on the 4th of October, 1781, after an absence of four years and two months.

On the news arriving in England of the untimely death of Captain Cook, a general feeling of sorrow spread throughout the country. The brave and good commander could not, indeed, be sensible of the expressions of esteem and admiration that his countrymen showered upon his memory ; but his wife and children were cheered by the proofs of that esteem in the sympathy that was shown them in their misfortune. A pension was settled on the widow and her two sons. A gold medal was struck in honour of Cook, by the Royal Society, and his praises were repeated in every country in Europe.*

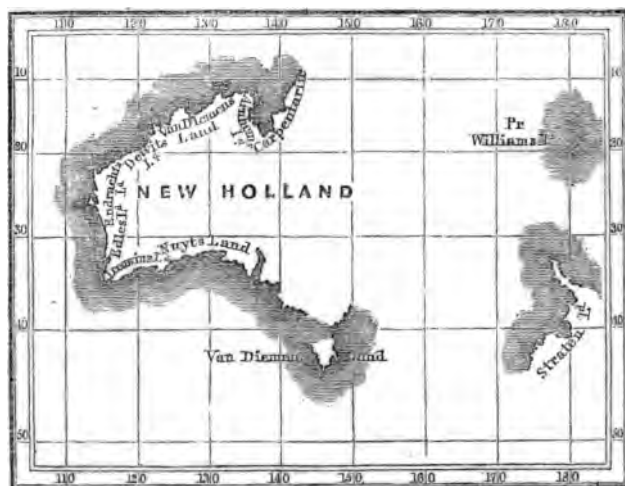
* The medals which had been presented to Cook, and after his death to his widow, have since become the property of the nation, Mrs. Cook, the venerable widow of the commander, having bequeathed them to the British Museum previous to her death, in 1835.

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By the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, Captain Cook's loss was greatly regretted, and his name was long held in affectionate remembrance. In several of the islands he was called by the name of "father," and his justice, and continual care of the interests of the natives, made him well deserve the title. On one or two occasions, when blood had been shed, and Cook thought that some blame attached to himself, his sorrow was extreme. He always endeavoured to gain the confidence of the natives by kindness; and constantly exerted himself, in every possible way, to introduce among them the benefits of civilized life.

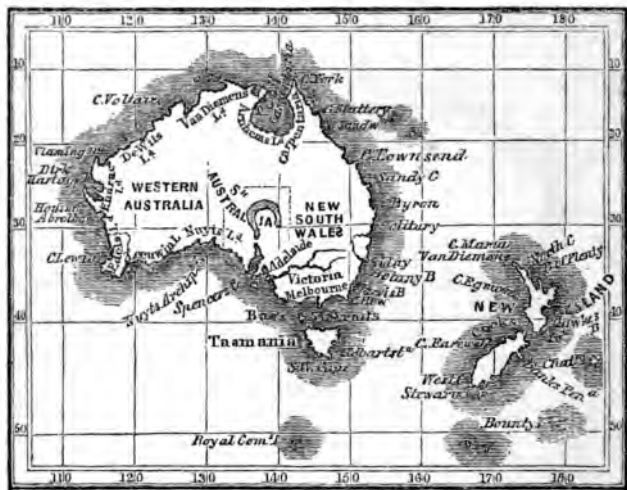


AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND,
As known before the Discoveries of Captain Cook.



AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND,

As now known.



SOMETHING MORE ABOUT AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.*

BEFORE leaving the subject of Captain Cook's great discoveries, it may be interesting to know what has been the result of his courage, zeal, and ability, besides the noble example he has set us of difficulties overcome.

The continent of which he was the chief discoverer is now the home of hundreds of thousands of industrious Englishmen and foreigners—men who, in their own crowded countries, found it difficult to provide for their families, or who were tempted to emigrate by a love of adventure. In the great towns on the coast, almost every comfort of life can be enjoyed.

The first part that was colonized was New South Wales, about the year 1788. The chief town is Sydney, situated near Port Jackson, one of the finest harbours in the world. Tasmania

* The matter contained in this paper has been taken, by the kind permission of Messrs. Chambers, from their excellent works "The Miscellany," and "Repository of Useful and Instructive Tracts;" and from their publication entitled "Information for the People."

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—a romantic country, more like Ireland or Scotland than the main land of Australia—was colonized in 1803, fifteen years after New South Wales. Its chief towns are Hobart Town and Launceston.

Settlements were formed in the portion now called Western Australia in 1828, and the town of Perth founded; but this colony has been the least successful of the whole.

It was about the year 1835, that some shepherds from the Tasmanian side of Bass' Straits crossed over to seek pasture for their cattle, and found the district an excellent site for a colony. Thus was commenced the now flourishing province of Victoria. Its largest town, Melbourne, is situated on a beautiful river a few miles from the harbour of Port Phillip; but there are other towns of considerable size.

The rocky mountains in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, as well as of Sydney, abound in gold, which has proved a powerful attraction to crowds of emigrants; but gold from the rock, or money as wages, can only be obtained by steady labour, and few but the very strong and healthy can bear the amount of toil and privation which gold digging requires. After a time, hundreds of men return from the diggings, and spreading over the colony, become farmers, agricultural labourers, or artisans.

The colony of South Australia, of which Adelaide is the capital, was founded in 1837, two years later

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than Victoria, and has been very successful in bringing together the arts and comforts of civilized life, and in making people happy and respectable.

The colony abounds in pasture land: it is only twenty-one years ago that a small flock of fifteen sheep was landed in Adelaide, with the first settlers; now the sheep are counted by millions, and the beautiful wool obtained from this and the other colonies of Australia, furnishes England with the chief material for her woollen goods.

There are valuable copper-mines in South Australia, and probably gold ore also, as the rocks there resemble those of the great chain that extends along the eastern coast of New South Wales and Victoria, in parts of which gold has been discovered, as already mentioned, in great abundance.

To all previous colonies the British Government had the right of sending unreformed criminals; but the founders of South Australia, wisely believing that such a practice tended greatly to injure the colony, when settling their charter with the English Government and Parliament, succeeded in obtaining a provision expressly forbidding any such criminals being transported to South Australia.

There are not many rivers in Australia; and so far as is known, only two of them, the Murray and the Darling, have a constant stream of water. In summer all the other rivers and lakes are either

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dried up, or become mere swamps. The Murray, which has lately been explored, and which flows into the sea near Adelaide, from the Snowy Mountains in Victoria, has been navigated for fifteen hundred miles.

All the rivers that become useless in the summer have the peculiarity of suddenly disappearing under the sand, and then as suddenly becoming a lake of some hundred feet and even a mile in length; and when the traveller thinks he has found the course of the river, and sees the lofty banks and overhanging trees, he suddenly comes to a dry, hard channel without a drop of water, and plods his weary course for miles along its dry bed.

There are vast grassy plains, which in Australian language does not mean flats, but large undulating surfaces of ground, with park-like groups of trees scattered here and there. The grass is nourishing to the cattle, but very dry and arid-looking.

Very little of the interior of Australia is yet known; much of the central part is supposed to consist of sandy and stony deserts, resembling the deserts of Africa. It is from these deserts the hot winds blow which cause such inconvenience for a short time in the year in all the Australian colonies. These winds are like the blast of a furnace, or what may be felt by suddenly opening the door of a very hot oven. As this wind is often violent, it raises up

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clouds of dust, that sometimes darken the air to such an extent that a traveller will not be able to see the horse he is driving. These hot winds, or Simooms, are most felt in South Australia, where they last sometimes for more than a week.

The chief range of mountains extends on the eastern side of the Australian continent from north to south, but there are high mountains also in various parts of the four colonies—New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia; some of these mountains being 5,000 feet high, and covered with snow. Towards the eastern shore, between the mountains and the sea, there are abundance of beautiful trees with thick foliage, and palms and tree-ferns. In the north-east, the woods are full of huge creeping plants, hanging from tree to tree in graceful festoons. But in other parts of Australia different varieties of the gum-tree chiefly abound. These are giant-sized trees, having an extremely hard wood with very little foliage, and a strong aromatic smell. They are not pleasing in appearance.

But if the trees are not as beautiful in colour or form as those of our own country, they are often rendered gay by brilliant feathered birds fluttering from branch to branch. Flocks of bright green parrots alight upon the trees, and, in the sunshine, they are most gorgeous. The English settlers have

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named some of the quieter-plumaged birds after the English birds they most resemble—the linnets, and fly-catchers, robins, wrens, and goldfinches. The Australian wren is a still smaller bird than ours, and does not conceal its nest so carefully. The nest, which is neatly made, is suspended from the branch of a tree by two loops that are placed on one side of the nest. The robin has a red breast like ours, but of a far more brilliant colour, equaling the scarlet of the brightest poppy. Cockatoos are very abundant, and in confinement become tame and affectionate. There are also flocks of wild pigeons, martins, and magpies.

Like the trees, and birds, and animals, and almost everything in Australia, the wild flowers are mostly different from those of Europe, and some are very beautiful. The prickly pear abounds. The climate being much milder in winter than in our own country, while the heat is greater in summer, grapes, melons, and figs grow with very little culture, and most of our own fruits and vegetables attain an unusual size. A mere fragment of a turnip in Australia is sufficient for a meal. The chief native animals are the kangaroos and opossums, and a kind of dog called a dingo. There is also an animal of a very peculiar nature, resembling both a duck and a quadruped, having four webbed feet and a bill like a duck, with a skin covered with fur; it is called the *ornithorinchus*,

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and inhabits fresh-water lakes in New South Wales, where it is supposed to feed on worms, water insects, &c.

No tribe of natives has been found superior to those described by Captain Cook. They are quiet and inoffensive, and will assist in keeping sheep for a season, but they dislike restraint and living in one spot for any length of time. Those natives in the north of Australia, of whom there are models in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, are far the most savage-looking. In Tasmania no natives are now left.



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NEW ZEALAND.

This land, seen by Tasman in 1642, and afterwards proved to be an island by Captain Cook, is now colonized in several parts. The first settlers landed so lately as 1839 ; but so fine is the climate, so fruitful the soil, and so beautiful the scenery, that New Zealand bids fair to become one of the most successful of all our colonies.

The soil is more suitable for corn than pasture ; so that it will not have the vast flocks of sheep that Australia possesses, but will draw its wealth from other sources. There is a noble tree, the kauri, or cowdie, that grows to eighty or ninety feet before branching, and with a trunk of vast dimensions. This tree is now imported into England, for making masts of men-of-war.

The fibres of the New Zealand flax are used for cordage, rigging, and fishing-lines, and mats of all kinds, and is very durable. The leaves are like our garden-flag, and grow from six to ten feet long.

The natives are so much more intelligent than those of any other parts of the South Seas, that they can be readily trained to useful employments. They are very curious to know the use of everything, and quick in learning new customs. They have been taught to build houses, steer ships, plough, and even to perform some of the most delicate operations of

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gardening. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the New Zealanders, once the sole owners of the soil, will have their happiness increased rather than diminished by the presence of the white man, and not gradually disappear before him, as have the poor natives of Tasmania, or the Red Indian in many parts of the United States.

No native quadrupeds have been discovered in New Zealand. The animals found there by the colonists were the descendants of those Captain Cook and other navigators had left there. Pigs abound in the country, and are much valued by the natives; and so are cats, which are also eaten by them; dogs, too, are very numerous. The only reptile that has been discovered is a small lizard.

Captain Cook described the island as full of singing-birds, that sang through the night. There is a bird called the Tui, that has the power of imitating all other birds, and even the sound of quadrupeds.

As in Australia, the colonies are principally situated on the coast, and much has yet to be done to explore the interior.

There are many mountains of volcanic origin, and some are of great height, nearly as high as Mont Blanc in Europe; Mount Cook, in the Southern Alps—the name given to a group in the Middle Island—being 13,000 feet high; which is within 2,000 feet of the height of Mont Blanc.

JOSEPHINE.*

"CANARIES to sell! Canaries to sell! who will buy canaries—pretty canaries?"

Josephine Gourlay, a little girl eight years old, heard this cry. She ran quickly to the window, threw it open, and looked out, first down the street, and then up the street. She saw a man carrying on his shoulder a large cage full of canary birds. He had that minute passed the door of her father's house.

The canary birds looked so beautiful with their bright yellow feathers, they hopped so nimbly from perch to perch in the cage, and chirped so sweetly, that Josephine, quite delighted, called out, "Stop, man, I want to look at those little birds."

"Will you buy a canary bird, miss?" said the man.

"Oh, I should like one very much," replied Josephine, "but I must not without leave. Stop a little, and I will go and ask my papa."

The man placed his cage upon a post that stood at the corner of the street, opposite to Mr. Gourlay's

* Freely translated and adapted from "L'Ami des Enfants."

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house, and promised to wait while she asked her father's leave to buy one of the canary birds.

Away ran Josephine. She went into the room where her father usually sat. He was not there. She then ran upstairs to his bed-room. Neither was he there. In great fear that the man would not wait, she ran as quick as her legs would carry her into the little garden at the back of the house, and there she found her father. Quite out of breath, she seized hold of his coat—"Come, come, pray come quick, papa!"

"Why so?" said her father; "what is the matter?"

"Oh, there is a man in the street who sells canaries; he has in one cage more than a hundred—a great cage quite full—he carries it on his shoulder."

"Well," said her father, "and what is that to me? I have often seen canaries."

"Yes, yes," said Josephine, "I know that; but I want—I want—dear papa, if you will give me leave, I want to buy one for myself."

"Have you any money?" asked her father.

"Oh, yes, the money that I saved last winter."

"But," said her father, "if you buy the canary bird, who will feed it and take care of it?"

"I, papa, I will feed it. You shall see what a happy little bird I will make it."

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"Yes, I do not doubt that such is your wish. But have you considered how much care the bird will require? Do you know that it must be fed not only now and then, but that you must attend to it regularly every day?"

"Oh, yes, I know, dear papa, and that is what I mean to do," answered the little girl.

"And do you also know that the poor bird, if you forget it, cannot ask for such things as it may want? If I let you buy the bird, remember that its cage is a sort of prison, out of which it cannot get; that if you leave it without food or without water, so it must remain starving, although plenty of both may be within a few inches of its cage. Ah, Josephine," continued her father, "I am half afraid lest you should be careless, and suffer it to die of hunger or thirst."

"I forget my bird! I let it die of hunger or thirst!" cried Josephine. "No, indeed, I will never eat my own breakfast until I have given the dear canary some. Indeed, papa, I am sure you may trust me. Will you not?"

"I wish to be able to do so, my dear," replied her father; "but I have seen you so negligent in taking care of your playthings and books, that I am afraid of allowing you to have anything which has life. Only think, if you were to forget it only for one day!"

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"I never will, papa, Besides, you know, I cannot forget it, because it will chirp, it will hop about ; and that will make me recollect. It will make me careful."

"Well then," said Mr. Gourlay, "I will try your memory and let you buy the bird." So saying, he accompanied Josephine to the house, she pulling him by his hand, of which she never quitted her hold. Having opened the house door, he beckoned to the man to come to them.

The man came, and Josephine chose a bird, the prettiest, as she thought, of all that were in the cage. It was a male canary, with the most brilliant yellow-coloured feathers, and with a black tuft upon his head. She handed her purse to her father that he might pay for the bird, and Mr. Gourlay drew out his own purse from his pocket and bought a neat cage, which had a seed-trough and a glass water-bottle fixed to it on the outside. Into this cage the bird was put, and then the man placed the cage in the hands of the eager Josephine, who, full of joy, ran into the house with her prize. Her father shortly followed her, and drove in a hook near the window, upon which she hung the cage. When she had done this, she called first her mother, and then the servants, to come and look at her sweet bird. They all agreed that it was a beautiful little creature, and her mother hoped it would be happy also.

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When Josephine's young friends came to see her, she liked to make them guess what beautiful things she had of her own—all her own; and when they could not find out, she would say to them, "Do you know I have the prettiest canary bird in all the world. He is as yellow as gold, and he has a tuft of black feathers on his head. He is a male. I call him Mimi, because the man who sold him to me had given him that name. Come—will you come and see him?"

Her young friends thought it a great treat to see Mimi. And Mimi was so obedient a little fellow, that, whenever his mistress wished, he would sing to them.

Mimi was as happy as a little bird in a cage could be. The first thing in the morning came Josephine, with the box of rape and canary seed in one hand, and a cup of fresh water in the other. She carefully filled the seed-trough, and, after emptying the water-bottle, filled it again with the fresh water which she had brought. She spread clean sand at the bottom of his cage, and fastened on the wires fresh green weeds, such as groundsel and chickweed. But Mimi had other treats. Josephine put aside a piece of every cake or biscuit that was given to her; and sometimes she begged lumps of sugar from her mother to give him. As she always did everything for him herself, Mimi soon learned to distinguish her from the rest of the family. So soon as

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he saw her approaching, he would clap his wings and chirp "Cuic, cuic," which so pleased the little girl, that she quite longed to take him in her hands and kiss him heartily.

When Mimi was in the humour for singing, Josephine was more charmed than ever. Sometimes he would warble little tunes, and roll his voice in his throat for such a length of time, that it was quite astonishing that he could bear to hold his breath so long; then, stopping an instant, out he would break in a fresh clear note, so strong and piercing, that it might be heard from top to bottom of the house. It is impossible to describe in words how much Josephine delighted in this bird. She used to sit at her needle-work, beneath his cage, listening and singing to him by turns.

During the first three weeks Josephine knew no pleasure but her bird; and, for the sake of looking at him, she neglected many little duties. But gradually she began to think less of this pleasure. About a month after she had bought the canary, her uncle sent her a book of prints, and she was immediately so occupied with them, that Mimi was less noticed. He chirped out his note of welcome, "Cuic, cuic," but Josephine did not seem to hear it, and did not reply to it as usual.

Nearly one whole week passed away without the bird's tasting any fresh chickweed, or biscuit, or

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sugar. Poor fellow! he tried in every way that he could to rouse his careless little mistress to think of him. He sang his sweetest tunes, he chirped more loudly when he saw her, and he fluttered from one perch to another. Sometimes, as if in despair, he would peck the bars of his cage, now become really a little prison, for he could not help himself to the nice lumps of sugar that he saw at breakfast and tea in the basin. But all in vain. Josephine's head was full of other things.

Her birth-day was now approaching. A kind friend sent her, as a present, a large wax doll, that could open and shut its eyes, and also a cradle fitted up with proper bedding. This doll, which she called Rosa, made Josephine completely forget Mimi. From morning till night she played with the doll, dressing and undressing it a hundred times, talking to it, pretending to feed it, and to walk it about the room. The poor bird was now glad if his mistress even recollected to give him fresh food before she went to bed; and if she remembered to change the water occasionally, it was lucky for him. She neither heard the chirp, nor saw the hop that she once thought would prevent her forgetting the little fellow. Often he had to wait a day and a night without food. Careless Josephine! she did not notice that his song was less merry, that his plumage was less clean and bright, and that he was, in fact, sad and drooping.

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The birth-day came. A party of young friends, who had been asked some days before, arrived to dine with her. Gaily they all sat round the table, and Josephine's father and mother, to add to her pleasure, dined with the little party.

"Mimi is very grave to-day," said one of the young visitors; "I have not heard him sing yet."

"I was thinking so, too," said Josephine's mother. "Is he ill, that he is so silent?"

Mr. Gourlay looked up at Mimi's cage. Everything was quite still there. Now, the bird usually sang very loud when there was a noise of laughing and talking in the room. Mr. Gourlay continued to look at the cage for some minutes. No sound, no stir—all was quiet. Startled at this, he rose from his chair, and all the little company followed him with their anxious eyes. He went to the cage and saw the little bird lying on his belly, panting. A thin film covered his dim eye. His feathers were ruffled, and he was huddled up like a ball. That friendly note of "Cuic, cuic," which he usually uttered when his friends approached, was not to be heard. The poor creature had scarcely any life left.

"Josephine!" cried Mr. Gourlay, "what ails your canary?"

Josephine's face and neck became quite scarlet. With hesitation she answered, "Oh! I have—I have forgotten to—to—" She could not finish; but, trem-

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bling and sliding down from her chair, she ran out to fetch the box of rape and canary seed.

Mr. Gourlay unhooked the cage, and looked into the seed-trough and the water-bottle. Alas! Mimi had neither a single grain of seed, nor a drop of water.

"My poor little fellow!" said Mr. Gourlay; "indeed, you have fallen into cruel hands. If I had believed it possible that this could have happened, I would never have allowed Josephine to buy you."

All the children left the table, and, clasping their hands, exclaimed, "Poor little Mimi!"

"Unhappy Mimi!" said Josephine's mother, "to want even the crumbs that have fallen from the lap of your thoughtless, unkind mistress, and not be able to reach what she throws away; to see food, and yet suffer the pangs of hunger." Josephine sobbed so loudly, that her mother stopped speaking. The seed-trough was refilled, and the water-bottle also. Every one but Josephine was busily engaged watching the success of Mr. Gourlay's endeavours to recover the half-starved bird. Josephine, truly unhappy, and filled with shame at her neglect of the little sufferer, went up to the nursery and spent the remainder of the day alone and in sorrow. She did not dare to ask whether Mimi was better, for fear she should hear that he was dead. With much trouble Mimi was saved; and when Mr. Gourlay saw that he was out of danger, he began seriously to think of

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requiring Josephine to part with him. "I cannot," he said, "allow the poor helpless bird to go through such torments again."

The next morning, after breakfast, he consulted Mrs. Gourlay about sending the bird away. Josephine was present at their conversation. She had felt cheerful again, when, upon coming down to breakfast, she saw Mimi upon his perch, cleaning his feathers. She had once more resolved always to feed him the first thing, and this morning she had done so. But when her father spoke of taking the bird from her, she burst into tears.

"My poor bird, my darling Mimi! Oh! dear papa, do not be so unkind; pray do not take my little favourite from me. I am so sorry. I will never, never forget him again. Dear little Mimi, don't go away."

"Josephine," said her father, "I do not wish to be unkind to you, but I cannot suffer this helpless creature to be so cruelly used. If you will not take care of him, I must. He is shut up within four wire walls. Not being able to speak, he cannot ask for food; and not having his liberty, he cannot help himself when he feels hungry. You are either too much occupied, or too careless, to think of him, and, therefore, it will be better for him to be sent to some one with more time or inclination to attend to his wants."

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"Dear papa," said Josephine, "try me but once again, and you shall see how careful I will be. I do love my Mimi so much."

"If so, why did you neglect him?" asked her father. "You do not seem to be aware how great a pain the pang of hunger and thirst is."

"Papa," said Josephine, "if you knew how sorry I feel for the pain I have given him, I am sure you would forgive me, and still continue to trust me. I shall never be happy without Mimi—dear Mimi." And she looked up at his cage, while the tears fell fast from her eyes.

"Well, Josephine," said her father, after hesitating for some time, between his fear for the bird and pity for his daughter, "I believe you are sorry for your cruel neglect of Mimi, and I will once more trust him to your care; but never forget that he is a prisoner, and do not let me again have to reproach you with the cruelty of making him suffer the pains of hunger and thirst."

Josephine kissed her father, but she could not find words to thank him. The attempt to speak seemed almost to choke her; for although she was rejoiced that Mimi was not to be taken from her, her grief for what she had done still weighed heavily upon her.

Again the cage was decked with fresh groundsel and chickweed, again pieces of biscuit and sugar

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were stuck between the wires, and again Mimi and Josephine were good friends.

"Kind little creature," said Josephine to herself, "he loves me as much as ever—he forgets all my unkindness to him!" Mimi was again as happy as he could be.

About a month after this, it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay were obliged to take a distant journey into the country.

"Josephine," said they both to her, as they stepped into their chaise, "remember Mimi—we trust him to your care."

Josephine promised to remember him, and hardly were her parents gone than she ran to supply the cage with everything that the bird could want.

At the end of eight days, she thought she should like to have some of her young friends to come and drink tea with her; and she had a merry little party. They played at blind-man's buff, at puss in the corner, and hunt the slipper, and at last they danced. When her young friends left her, Josephine went to bed quite tired.

The next morning she awoke, thinking of the pleasure of the evening before; and while she was dressing, she asked the nurse to go and invite her young friends to come again directly after breakfast. But the nurse refused to go so early. It would be quite early enough, she said, if they came in the afternoon.

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Josephine, too impatient to wait, put on her bonnet as soon as she had eaten her breakfast, and got one of the other servants to go with her to her friends' house, to ask them to walk with her.

But Mimi?

Oh! he was obliged to remain alone, and to fast.

The next day Josephine again amused herself with her young friends.

But Mimi?

He pecked the wires of his cage, but again he was forgotten. Fainting for want of food, he neither sang nor chirped, but sat miserably on his perch, with his head buried in his breast.

The next day Josephine was invited to spend at the Zoological Gardens.

But Mimi?

Poor, lonely, speechless bird! in the midst of so much pleasure, he was without pleasure—he was not thought of.

The next day, or twelve days after Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay's departure, they came back. Josephine had scarcely thought of their return, her head was so full of amusements; and she was quite surprised, when the chaise drove up to the door. She ran downstairs, however, quickly and joyfully, to meet them.

As soon as her parents had kissed her, and said they were glad to see her again, her father asked, "How is Mimi?"

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"Very well, I believe," answered Josephine, startled by her father's question, for she had not thought of the bird, and she ran to fetch the cage to show him to her father.

Alas! the poor bird was dead! Cold and stiff, it lay upon its belly, its wings stretched out, its beak open, its eyes covered with a white film.

Josephine screamed, and wrung her hands. Her father and mother hastened into the room, and at once saw the cause of her grief.

"Unhappy bird!" exclaimed Mr. Gourlay, "how painful has been your death! If I had strangled you the day that I left home, you would only have suffered a momentary pang, whereas you have endured for many days the torments of hunger and thirst. Your death has, indeed, been a long and cruel agony!"

"Poor Mimi!" said Mrs. Gourlay, "it is fortunate that you are at length removed from so thoughtless a guardian."

Her parents took the dead bird away, and Josephine, with her face hidden in her hands, could not move from the place where she stood. She would have given up her playthings, she would have recalled the days which she had passed so merrily and so thoughtlessly, to have brought back to life the departed Mimi, but it was too late.

Mr. Gourlay had the bird stuffed, and placed in a

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glass case, with the words "DUTY first, and PLEASURE afterwards," written in large letters underneath it. Whenever Josephine's eyes were turned towards the cage, they filled with tears. She felt, when she caught a glimpse of dead Mimi's yellow feathers, as if she should never be happy again. She begged her father to remove the bird, but he refused to do so.

"When I see," said he, "that you have really become more careful, I will remove it; but you have been guilty of repeated acts of gross negligence, and it is for your good that something to warn you of the consequences of such conduct should be constantly before your eyes."

Josephine could not forget her faults. She continually heard the different persons of the family as they passed the case, say, with a sigh, "Poor Mimi! you suffered a terrible death." But she gradually became more careful, for she tried to improve herself. She often denied herself gratifications in order not to neglect her duties, and she found that the pleasure of knowing that all her duties had been performed was the greatest happiness she could enjoy.

When her parents observed that for a long time she had neglected no duty, they agreed that the sad case might be removed. One morning, when Josephine came down to breakfast, she perceived that it was gone. "Now," said she, "I am happy, for you no longer think me a careless little girl."

AUNT LUCY'S RETURN FROM WOODVILLE.

"I AM so glad you have come back from Woodville," exclaimed Arthur Campbell on the first evening of his aunt's return. "I thought you would never come home, you have been such a terrible time away."

"Only four months, Arthur, and they have not been terrible to me; they have been exceedingly pleasant months; but I am very glad to see you all again."

"We have been looking out of the window such a long, long time for you," said little Emily. "It got quite dark, and then we watched the lamp-lighter light every lamp in the street. I told Arthur you would not come to-night."

"Ah, but I heard the horn," said Arthur, "and then I thought it must be your stage-coach coming."

"Arthur and Emily have been wishing for your return," said Mrs. Campbell, "almost as much as I have. I do not know what we should do this winter without Aunt Lucy. It is quite pleasant to see you in your old place again. Arthur, my dear, ring the

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bell for tea ; your aunt must be quite fatigued with her journey."

During tea, Arthur stood by his aunt's side listening to her conversation with his mother, and attentively handing her the tea and toast. In compliance with his mother's desire, he heroically deferred every question respecting Woodville, until the tea-things had been removed. As for Emily, she sat on a cushion at her aunt's feet, and seemed to find quite pleasure enough in watching her aunt sip her tea. She was quite sure that her aunt had returned, and that was all she thought of.

When the tea-things had been cleared away, Arthur exclaimed, "Now, Aunt Lucy, I may speak ; do tell us all about our cousins. You know I have not seen them since I was quite a little boy, and I should like you to tell me everything you can about them."

"That would take me a long time indeed," said his aunt ; "but I dare say I can tell you something to amuse you. Your cousins used to ask me to tell them about you and Emily."

"Did they ? I thought Sydney would never care about such a little fellow as I am. He must be quite a big boy now !"

"Yes, he is eleven, and you are only eight, I believe," replied Aunt Lucy ; "but that did not prevent his liking to hear me talk about you. He

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is a good-natured boy, and very kind to his brothers and sisters."

"And how old are they, aunt?" said Emily.

"Edward, the second boy, is nine; Caroline is a little older than you are, Emily, seven and a half, I believe; and Julia is just four. When I first went to Woodville, I was much amused with their love of Flora, the pretty little spaniel that your papa gave them last year."

"Oh! I remember Flora," said Arthur; "she had a beautiful brown skin, and long silky ears."

"Yes, her ears are very beautiful," replied his aunt. "Well, all the children are fond of Flora; she is quite their little play-fellow; but Sydney is her great friend. He regularly feeds her; and she, in return, sleeps at his door at night, follows him to school in the morning; and when he plays at cricket, or other games, she sits on his jacket to guard it, till he is ready to put it on again."

"Good Flora!" said Emily: "Sydney must be fond of her."

"A few days after my arrival," continued her aunt, "Flora had four pups, which she nursed with a great deal of care."

"Nursed!" said Arthur, laughing. "Why, aunt, Flora did not take them up and dance them in her paws, did she?"

"No, Master Arthur Sharp, but she took care,

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when they were feeble and helpless, that they did not get into any danger; and she licked them clean, and kept them warm at night."

"What were the colours of the puppies?" said Emily.

"Two were very soon given away," replied her aunt, "and I forget their colour; but one of the others was of a light brown colour; the remaining one being of a much darker brown, but spotted with clear white. Your cousin Edward made a little sledge, to which he harnessed Flora, and by degrees he taught her to draw it quite steadily."

"How did he manage that?" said Arthur, "I have tried again and again to make Dash draw my great cart, but he never will."

"Edward did not succeed at first better than you; but Sydney thought of a plan. He harnessed Flora to the sledge at one end of the garden, and placed her puppies opposite to her at the other end. When Flora saw her puppies, she quickly set off to join them. Then Sydney and Edward patted her, and gave her some milk for her trouble. Little Julia frequently used to ride the puppies in the sledge, holding them, that they might not fall over."

"I should have liked to do that," said Emily.

"We thought we should have lost Flora one day," continued Aunt Lucy, "for she was so ill that she nearly died. We were walking out together with

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your uncle and aunt, and, much to the children's surprise, Flora had not followed us. I suppose we had been out two hours, and were returning home, when one of the servants came running towards us, and exclaimed to your uncle, 'Oh, pray, sir, come home directly; poor Flora is dying; she has been poisoned, and none of us can do anything for her.' You may be sure we all hurried home as quickly as we could; and as for the boys, they never stopped running till they reached the house. There lay poor Flora, with her tongue hanging out, her legs quite stiff, and breathing violently."

"Oh, Aunt Lucy, what was the matter with her?" said Emily; "was she really poisoned?"

"How fortunate that my uncle is a doctor!" exclaimed Arthur; "I dare say he soon gave her something to cure her."

"On seeing her, Arthur, he thought it would be better to destroy her, to put an end to her sufferings; but he determined first to do all he could to save her life. He gave her castor oil and other medicines, but they did not appear to relieve her pain. It then struck him that she was dying from suffocation; so he made an opening in the windpipe in her throat."

"Oh, did not that kill her?" said Emily.

"What is the windpipe, aunt?" inquired Arthur; "I do not understand you; I thought people and animals always died if their throats were cut."

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"Yes, so they do, Arthur, if a large vein be cut that is very near the windpipe, but your uncle knew how to avoid that. The windpipe is a pipe through which both men and animals breathe. Air is continually passing up and down it. At the top of this pipe in the throat is a little valve or door, made of skin, which closes when we swallow, so that not the smallest thing can get into it to prevent our breathing freely. If that pipe were to get completely stopped up, we must die. It does sometimes happen, however, although very seldom, that this little door does not shut quickly enough; and this was the case with poor Flora, as you shall hear.

"After your uncle had cut the slit in the windpipe, Flora's breathing became so easy, and her limbs so pliant and tranquil, that we plainly saw that her pain was greatly relieved. Still, instead of getting better, she seemed to become more feeble, and at last she was so quiet that we almost feared she was dead. Sydney, who was leaning over her and assisting his papa, could hardly keep in his tears, when, happening to exclaim, 'My poor dear Flora!' she slightly opened her eyes and moved her tail, to acknowledge his well-known voice."

"Dear aunt, do go on, if you please," said Arthur.

"What did my uncle do next?"

"Finding that no substance was sticking in the lower part of the windpipe, he put the handle of a

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small spoon into the upper part of the windpipe, from the wound towards the mouth. He immediately felt something rough, and in an instant Flora coughed, and out came a small gristly bone, which had been wedged into the upper part of the windpipe."

"Oh, how glad I am!" said Emily. "Did she get well directly, aunt?"

"No, poor thing! she looked almost dead. Your uncle and Sydney poured a little warm milk down her throat, and placed her in flannels before the kitchen fire for the night; but she was so exhausted that they scarcely expected to find her alive the next morning. All the children went very grave to bed, for they loved Flora, and were very sorry to see her sufferings. When Sydney came down in the morning to see after her, which he did before six o'clock, to his great surprise he found her in the washhouse with her puppies. Feeble as she was, she had crawled to them."

"Dear, good Flora! she did not forget them, mamma," exclaimed Emily. "Do not you love her? I do."

"Pray, Emily, do not interrupt Aunt Lucy," said Arthur. "I want to know whether Flora got quite well, and whether the hole in the throat was always left open."

"No, Arthur, it was sewed up a day or two after the accident. Flora soon ran about, feebly at first,

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but in a few days she seemed pretty well, and long before the hay-making time, she was able to play with your cousins as merrily as ever. It was quite pleasing to see her run to your uncle. She seemed to know that he had cured her; and at the least sound of his step, or of his voice, she would dart to meet him, spring on his knee, and do everything she could to show how glad she was to see him."

"But had not she been fond of my uncle before?" said Arthur.

"Not particularly; she used generally to be with the children; but now, excepting Sydney, she likes your uncle better than anybody. Her bark is different to what it was before the accident. It sounds hoarse and thick, and is not likely to recover its old tone again. Now I will tell you about Julia's rabbit.

"We were walking one day in a pleasant park, where there is a rabbit warren—that is, a place where a great many rabbits live in holes under the ground. We stood for some time opposite a bank which was full of their holes, watching the rabbits pop in and out from their narrow passages. Some were so frightened when they saw us, that they seemed as if they could hardly run away fast enough, striking the ground with their hind legs, and darting into their holes as fast as possible. The little ones, that could not follow their mothers quickly enough, rolled

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down the bank like little lumps of soft down. Julia was so delighted with watching them, that she did not like to leave them; and every time we attempted to continue our walk, she begged us to stay "only one minute more." A good-natured boy, the son of the owner of the park, happened to be fishing near, and seeing Julia's pleasure, he asked her whether she would like to have a rabbit; and in a few minutes he caught her a young one, quite white, excepting a few black spots."

"I think that was very kind of him," said Arthur; "how much pleased Julia must have been."

"Yes, she was so happy with her rabbit, that she would let no one carry it home but herself. She turned her frock up in front, and carried the rabbit in it. Then every now and then she stopped, to see that it was quite safe."

"But when she got home, aunt, who took care of it?" said Emily; "Julia could not clean the hutch herself."

"Her brother Edward cleaned it for her every day, besides washing it twice a-week; and he took a great deal of care to let it be well dried before he put the rabbit back, because rabbits will often die if their hutches are damp. Edward was so much amused with Julia's rabbit, that he bought two of a farmer for himself; and then he had a great deal more trouble, for he never neglected Julia's rabbit. Sydney made

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the hutches for him of two large boxes, and some pieces of railing about a foot high, that had once separated their little gardens. Your cousins were much pleased when one of the rabbits had young ones. The mother rabbit made a comfortable warm bed for them. First she bit the hay into very small pieces, and then she tore the soft hair off her stomach to line the nest, that not even the hay might touch their tender skins."

"I wonder Sydney did not like to keep rabbits," said Arthur. "I should very much."

"Oh, Sydney was very busy with his fish and white mice," replied Aunt Lucy. "He had two large wooden troughs of water in his garden. In one he kept a great many sticklebacks, in the other some very good-sized carp. Their silvery sides used to look beautiful in the sunshine. He had built little grottoes at each end of both the troughs, so that at the least alarm, or when the sun was too warm for them, the fish could conceal themselves among the stones. On these stones he planted some water-plants, which keep the water pure; and occasionally he put in a little fresh water. When I left Woodville, the fish all looked thriving, though he had had them more than three months."

"I should have liked the rabbits far better than the fish," said Arthur. "Fish are such stupid silly things, you cannot make them know you."

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"Sydney hoped he should be able to make the carp know him," replied his aunt. "He had read in some book that Sir Joseph Banks had a fish-pond stocked with carp; and that he could bring the carp to the surface at any time by ringing a little silver bell. Sydney thought he would try to call them by whistling."

"And did they come to the top of the water when he whistled?" said Emily.

"No; I think they generally rushed under the stones; but a few crumbs of bread soon brought them to the surface. Perhaps Sydney ought to have procured very young carp, and they might have learnt to attend to his whistle. I myself have heard of several kinds of fish that appear sensible of sounds. I have read of a person at Rotterdam who kept, in a moat, some carp which he could call up at his pleasure. He generally fed them with spinach seed. While he remained quiet, not a single fish appeared; but the very moment he made his usual call, the carp gathered together in such numbers that there was scarcely room for them to lie by one another; and then he flung his spinach seed among them, which they devoured greedily. In many parts of Europe, gold and silver fish are called to the surface of the water by ringing a little bell. In Germany, a fish named the chad is taken by means of nets, to which bows of wood, hung with

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little bells, are attached, in such a manner as to make a pleasant sound when the nets are moved. The chad, when once attracted by the sound, will not attempt to escape as long as the bells continue to ring, and they are, therefore, very easily secured. I believe, also, in our own country, at Uxbridge, there is a pond of pikes, the fish in which may be called at pleasure. So that, I think, if Sydney had taken the proper means with his carp, he would have succeeded. The water was too often disturbed by the boys, who sailed their small boats on the water, and by Sydney's pretty steam-boat."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Arthur, "had Sydney a real steam-boat, with smoke coming out of the chimney, like the large ones?"

"It was built like a steam-boat, Arthur, with real paddles on the sides, that went round and round in the water, and smoke very often came out of the chimney; but yet it was not a real steam-boat, because it was not moved by steam, but by two little white mice."

"Oh, how? Do tell me. I wish I could see it," said Arthur.

"In the middle of the boat there was a little round wire cage, like that which you have seen squirrels kept in. There was a small hole at each end of the cage, and two small wires fixed in the paddle-wheels fitted into these holes. When the

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mice were placed inside the cage, they tried to climb just as the squirrels do, in their round cages, and that set the cage spinning and turned the paddle-wheels ; and then the little boat went steadily on."

"How pretty it must have looked!" said Emily.

"But how did they make the chimney smoke? You have not told us that," said Arthur.

"Oh, that was make-believe," replied Aunt Lucy. "Before the steam-boat started on her voyage, the boys used to dip a little bit of cotton in oil and light it. Under the chimney was a little tin box, in which they put the cotton after they had blown the flame out. The smoke came out of the chimney for a long time afterwards."

"I should have liked that steam-boat and the white mice, aunt, better than the rabbits, or the fish, or anything else," said Arthur. "How frightened the poor carp must have been, when they saw and heard the paddles come splash, splash, through the water."

"Had Caroline nothing to take care of, aunt?" said Emily. "You have not told us anything about her yet."

"Have I not? Oh, Caroline had her favourites also; she liked her magpie best of all; but she was obliged to give him away, Emily, for she could not teach him good manners. He not only stole several things, but he took a great dislike to little Julia, who one day, frightened at his hopping after her,

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had foolishly thrown her ball at him. After that, he never saw Julia enter the garden but he strode along with his side-long hop to peck at her legs; and one day he hurt and frightened her so much, that Caroline would not keep him any longer, but gave him away to a farmer who had no children. Then she had a tortoise."

"A tortoise! that is the animal which has a hard horny shell. Mamma's combs are made of it," said Emily.

"No, the shell of the common garden tortoise is not used for that purpose, Emily. The tortoise-shell that you have seen comes from the back of a tortoise or turtle that lives in the sea. Its large horny case is divided into separate pieces, and is not, as in the case of a garden tortoise, one solid covering. The garden tortoise does not live in the water, at any time. It is a heavy, dull animal, and feeds upon slugs and snails, and is only awake half the year. Before I came away from Woodville, Caroline told me he had buried himself for the winter, and that she should not see him again till the warm days of spring."

"Will not he eat all that time, aunt?" said Arthur.

"No; he will sleep, like the frogs, and many other animals. When he settles himself for his long nap, or when alarmed, he can protect himself better than almost any other animal.

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"His stomach and back are well defended from all attacks by the hard case, which is so strong that, even if you were to stand upon it, you would not injure it. Then his legs are covered with hard horny scales; and, when he draws his head under his shell, he quickly closes the entrance, by folding the front legs over it. You might then roll him about, and he would not move. Sydney said that the tortoise, in summer time, was almost as useful as a weather-glass."

"How was that, aunt?" exclaimed Arthur. "Could the tortoise show when the weather was likely to be fine or wet?"

"Yes, in a great measure," replied Aunt Lucy; "for tortoises have so great a dread of rain, that at the least sprinkling they will endeavour to hide themselves in the first corner they can find. They will creep into their holes at every shower, and not stir at all in wet weather."

"But, aunt," said Arthur, "the weather-glass shows us whether it will rain *before* it begins."

"And so, also, will the tortoise, if his motions are closely watched," replied Aunt Lucy. "If, in the morning, he walks rather briskly, on tip-toe, as it were, and seems to be feeding eagerly, you may be almost sure that it will rain before evening, and that he is preparing for being kept at home."

"It is very strange that he should care about the

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rain," said Emily, "with that thick shell on his back."

"Yes, unless I had seen how often your cousin's tortoise shrank from the slightest shower, I could not have believed how much he dreads it. I am not surprised at his seeking to avoid the hot sunshine in summer, because, if the shell were once heated, it would hurt the poor animal very much."

"Then, in a hot summer day, does he bury himself in his hole?" said Arthur. "He must spend almost all the year underground!"

"He spends a very long time there, certainly," replied Aunt Lucy; "for even in summer he retires to rest at four in the afternoon, and does not stir till late in the morning. But he does not generally shelter himself in the hole during the heat of the day; he more usually seeks the shade of a large cabbage-leaf, or lies amidst the waving stems of an asparagus bed."

"I should like to keep a tortoise," said Arthur, "though he is such a lazy fellow. I have seen Italian boys with them in the streets. Do you know, Aunt Lucy, where these boys get them from?"

"Very likely from the woods in Italy, where tortoises are frequently found," replied his aunt. "The tortoise is common in most of the countries near the Mediterranean Sea. It is sold in the mar-

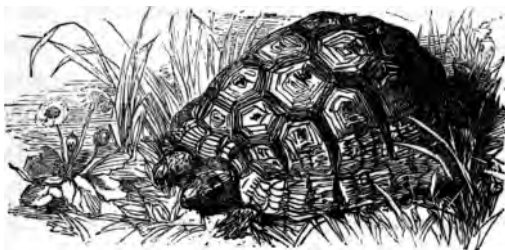
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kets of Greece, Italy, and Egypt, as an article of food; and its eggs, which are about the size of a pigeon's, are considered delicious."

"I wish I might go to Woodville next summer," said Emily. "I should like so much to see my cousins, and all their entertaining animals!"

"Oh, I have not told about half their favourites yet," said her aunt. "There is old Bess, the stable cat, who sleeps upon Punch's back every night; and robins, and pet lizards; but I must talk about them another evening, for I see mamma pointing to her watch, and I think we have been chatting more than an hour later than your usual bed-time."

"Oh, I am sorry bed-time has come," said Arthur, looking very loth to depart. "I am coming in a moment, mamma; I must just tell Aunt Lucy one thing." And, after whispering some important secret in his aunt's ear, and giving her what he called a proper hug, he ran after his mother and Emily.



TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

THE third king of Rome was Tullus Hostilius. He succeeded to Numa Pompilius, eighty-two years after the foundation of the city, having been unanimously chosen by people and senate.

The temple of Janus did not long continue shut after he had begun his reign. He is represented to have been of a very warlike disposition. A man of the name of Cluilius had at this time the direction of affairs in Alba, and he also was fond of war. The citizens of both states soon felt the ill effects of this mischievous propensity in their rulers.

It is not always an easy matter to make out which of two quarrelsome or warlike people is in the wrong; nor can we say, at this distance of time, whether the Romans or the Albans were the aggressors. It is not improbable ~~that, had~~ Numa been alive, the Romans would ~~have continued at peace~~ with their neighbours. But ~~quarrelsome people~~ soon find somebody to quarrel with. ~~And thus it was with the quarrelsome~~ Tullus Hostilius.

The war appears to ~~have~~ begun in this way. About the same time the Alban lands were ravaged by some

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of the Romans, and the Roman lands by some of the Albans. The rulers of both countries, although indulgent enough to the robberies and destruction perpetrated by their own citizens in their neighbours' country, were vastly indignant at the very same offences committed by their neighbours against themselves.

Cluilius prevailed upon his countrymen to send an embassy to the Romans to demand satisfaction; and, in case they should refuse it, to declare war against them. As Tullus Hostilius was determined not to give satisfaction, but was desirous also that the Albans should appear to be in the wrong, he had recourse to a stratagem. When the Alban ambassadors arrived at Rome, Tullus, guessing at the purpose of their coming, resolved so to contrive things that he should be the first to demand satisfaction, not doubting that the Albans would refuse, and thus make themselves appear to be the aggressors.

It will be remembered that the original inhabitants of Rome came from Alba. On this account Alba was considered as the mother state; and the prevailing feeling among the inhabitants of both states was to live peaceably with one another. The two rulers felt differently. They longed to be at war. Their only anxiety was, while preparing for war, to *appear* desirous of remaining at peace.

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An agreement between the two nations had subsisted from the beginning, that they should never make war with one another, till satisfaction for the wrong sustained on either side had been demanded in a friendly manner, and refused. It was in compliance with this agreement that Cluilius had hastened the departure of his ambassadors. But Tullus was as artful as he, and on various pretences deferred giving them an audience. He contrived to have them so agreeably entertained in the house where they lodged, that they were not particularly eager to press forward the business upon which they had come.

In the meantime, Tullus sent an embassy to the Albans with orders to require satisfaction on the part of the Roman people, and to press forward the conclusion of the affair without delay. A *Fecialis*, an officer of religion among the Romans, was at the head of their ambassadors, who, setting off before sunrise, reached Alba the same morning.

They found Cluilius in the *forum*, and there executed their commission, reminding him of the old-established agreement. Cluilius answered indignantly—

“It is you alone who violate the treaty; my part has been already performed; I have sent ambassadors to your king, but to no effect; and I, therefore, declare war against you.”

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The Feclalis then asked him, whether that king of the two who first refused to hear the other's complaints, ought not to be deemed guilty of the first act of hostility? And upon Cluilius answering, "Without doubt," the other invoked the gods to attest that the Alban king was the first violator of it. After which he and the ambassadors instantly took their leave, and set out for Rome.

Upon their arrival, Tullus, pleased with the success of his scheming, sent for the Alban ambassadors, and, receiving them in an obliging manner, listened patiently to their demand for satisfaction. He then dismissed them, saying, "Go, tell your king that the King of Rome calls the gods to witness which of the two nations did first refuse satisfaction to the other."

The Roman Feclalis had given Cluilius thirty days to consider of the means to prevent hostilities. This time was employed on both sides in making preparations for war. At length both armies took the field. Cluilius pitched his camp five miles from Rome, and fortified it with a deep ditch. The ditch remained long afterwards, and was called *fossa Cluilia* (*fossa* being the Latin for ditch). Tullus posted his army on an advantageous ground, within view of the enemy.

The two armies, when in sight of one another, showed no great eagerness to fight. They both kept

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within their entrenchments. The Albans began to murmur against their commander, thinking, perhaps, that he had needlessly brought them into danger and difficulty. And one morning Cluilius was found dead in his tent, but how he came by his death is not positively known.

Upon the death of Cluilius, the Albans made Metius Suffetius their general. He endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the contending nations, and Tullus did not refuse to listen to his overtures. We must not be surprised that the two generals were thus amicably disposed; for advice had been received that the Fidenates and Veientes were looking on, and only waited an opportunity of falling upon both armies to destroy them, so soon as they had weakened one another sufficiently. The reconciliation, however, was not effected, the two generals not being able to agree upon terms. Tullus, in despair, offered to decide the dispute by single combat with Suffetius. To this Suffetius would not consent. At last it was arranged that three warriors should be chosen on each side, and that the result of the conflict between these six warriors should determine which of the two nations should submit to the other.

When the conditions of the agreement between the generals were made known to the two armies, all the young men on both sides were eager for

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the honour of being chosen to fight their country's battle. The conduct of Suffetius must strike everybody as highly disgraceful. He was too much of a coward to risk his own life, but could propose that the lives of three should be risked; and what is still worse, he actually contrived that these three should fight against their own near relatives.

An Alban named Curiatius, and a Roman named Horatius, had married two sisters; and they each had three sons of exactly the same age. It so happened that the three Horatii were in the Roman army, and the three Curiatii in the Alban army; and previous to this war the young cousins had been very intimate, and much attached to one another. They were all remarkable for their strength and dexterity in fighting. Suffetius fixed upon the three Curiatii, and he exhorted Tullus to fix upon their cousins the Horatii, pretending that the Gods evidently pointed them out as the proper persons to settle the dispute between the two nations. Tullus proposed the matter to Horatius, the father of the three young Romans, and he gave his sons permission to follow their own inclination. "Act," said he to them, "as if I were not living."

"Father," said they to him in reply, "we will follow the example of the Curiatii. We prefer a glorious death or an important victory to an inglorious life." Horatius, on hearing this answer,

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lifted up his eyes to heaven, and embracing his sons, cried out, "I am a happy father."

When the day appointed for the combat came, Tullus led the Horatii, and Suffetius the Curiatii, into the plain between the camps; where the two kings, attended by their Feciales, concluded the treaty in form.

The Feciales on each side chose one of their own body to act the principal part in the ceremony. It was a rule that the Fecialis so appointed should be the father of a family, and that his father should also be living. From this circumstance he was named "*Pater patratus*," that is, "father having a father."

On this occasion the *Pater patratus* of the Romans, having read the treaty in a loud voice, concluded as follows: "Hear, O Jupiter! hear, O *Pater patratus* of the Alban people! hear, O Alban people! of these articles, as I have just now read them out of these waxed tablets, without fraud or deceit, and as they have been from one end to the other clearly understood, the Roman people will never be the first violators. If they should violate them by public authority and by fraud, may Jupiter at that instant strike them, as I shall now strike this hog! May thy stroke, great Jupiter, be as much heavier as thy power is greater!" At these words he killed the hog by a blow on the head with a flint. The

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Pater patratus of the Albans then took a similar oath, and offered up a similar sacrifice.

With this barbarous and foolish ceremonial was introduced the cruel and atrocious performance of which we must now give an account.

No sooner were the ceremonies ended, than the Roman and Alban champions advanced with a slow pace, each to meet his adversary. But instead of engaging, as was expected, in a fierce encounter, they threw down their arms, and with tears in their eyes flew to embrace each other. The spectators, moved at this sight, began to murmur at their kings, who had engaged friends so warmly attached to one another in so cruel a combat. The scene, however, was quickly changed. The cousins resumed their arms, and the triple combat began. For a long time the battle was carried on with equal success. The two armies, watching with breathless anxiety, could discern no superiority on either side. At length one of the Horatii received a mortal wound, and fell. A second of the Roman champions had the same fate. The Alban army, hereupon, gave a loud shout, while consternation and despair spread through the Roman camp. The Roman cause, however, was not yet lost; for while all the Curiatii were wounded, the remaining Horatius was unhurt and undaunted. But what added to the despair of the Romans, was the sight

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of their remaining champion flying from the three Curiatii. They were not aware that this was a stratagem on his part to separate his antagonists. The Curiatii pursued him as quickly as their strength would admit; and the least hurt among them was soon far in advance of his brothers. Upon him Horatius turned suddenly, and slew him. He then flew to the next and at one stroke cut off his arms, and afterwards ran him through the body. The third, grievously wounded, was by this time quite worn out. He could scarcely support himself. Horatius struck him on the throat, crying out, "To the glory of Rome I sacrifice thee!" and, elated with victory, he seized the spoils of the vanquished.

Glory of Rome, indeed! Disgrace of Rome! infamy of Rome! would be more appropriate expressions for so outrageous a deed! No sensible person can read any portion of the history of this contest with feelings of satisfaction. The origin of the war, the nature of the combat, the relationship of the combatants, the religious ceremony, the shout, or more properly the yell, of the Albans at their supposed victory, and the outrageous cruelty of the surviving Horatius in the inhuman butchery of his unresisting enemy, are alike proofs of the ignorance, the superstition, and the barbarousness, of the people among whom such acts could be tolerated.

But, in the opinion of these barbarous people, the

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superiority of Rome over her mother Alba was thus established.

To add to our horror of the conduct of Horatius, a still greater act of atrocity was committed by him almost immediately after the combat. One of his sisters had been engaged in marriage to one of the Curiatii, to whom she was much attached. No sooner had she heard of the intended battle, than, anxious to learn the fate of one so dear to her, she ran from the city to make inquiry.

On her way she met her brother Horatius, loaded with the spoils of his vanquished relative; and, among other things, with a robe that she had wrought with her own hands for her intended husband. In an agony of grief at this distressing sight, and forgetting for the moment all other considerations, she reproached her brother with the bitterest expressions for his inhuman conduct. Instead of excusing, as he ought, this burst of passion, and pitying his sister's distracted condition, his rage exceeded all bounds; he stabbed her with his sword on the spot, and, without a moment's delay, proceeded to their common father's house. Horrible to relate, the father approved of the deed, and the people sympathized with the murderer!

The hostile intentions of the Fidenates during this war with the Albans were not forgotten by Tullus, and he determined to punish them. First, however,

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he called upon them to answer for their conduct. This they refused to do, but joined themselves to the Veientes, and took the field. Suffetius, in obedience to the commands of Tullus, brought his troops, it is true, to the assistance of the Romans, but he secretly meditated to desert them as soon as he could do so with safety; and he made known his design to the officers of his army, by whom it was approved. Accordingly, just before the battle began, he retired with the Albans to a neighbouring hill, there to watch on which side victory should declare itself, and then to assist the conqueror. When Tullus had notice of this desertion, he was greatly distressed, but he preserved his presence of mind; and, in order to keep up the courage of his men, he pretended that Suffetius had moved to the hill by his orders. He then attacked the Fidenates with great vigour, and put them to the rout. No sooner did Suffetius perceive the favourable turn that the battle was taking for the Romans, than he joined in the pursuit of the runaways.

Tullus's vengeance for this piece of treachery was signal. Feigning not to be aware of it, he went privately during the night to Rome to consult with the senate, and returned to the camp before the break of day. He instantly despatched a chosen band to go and demolish Alba, and, during their absence, he ordered the troops, both Roman and

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Alban, to attend him unarmed, but with secret instructions to the Romans to bring their swords under their garments. When they were all assembled, he made a speech to them, in which he made known to them the perfidious conduct of Suffetius; and, at the conclusion of it, ordered that he should be fastened to two chariots, and torn asunder by driving the horses different ways. Such of the Albans as were accomplices were put to the sword, and the remaining Albans were transplanted to Rome, and placed on a footing with the other citizens.

This increase of inhabitants made it necessary to enlarge the bounds of the city. For this purpose Tullus took in Mount Cœlius, and most of the new citizens built themselves houses upon it, as did also Tullus himself.

Tullus afterwards completed the subjugation of the Fidenates, and was honoured with a triumph. His reign was a succession of wars. He fought with the Sabines and Latins; but his victories over these nations offer nothing remarkable.

His death was by fire. He and his whole family perished together in his palace. Some supposed that he was engaged in the performance of a magical sacrifice in order to raise Jupiter Elicius; and that, omitting some parts of the sacred ceremonies, the god, in a rage, set his palace on fire by lightning. To understand this supposition, a little explanation

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is necessary. Among other strange fancies or superstitions that prevailed with the Romans, was that of the possibility of forcing this pretended god, Jupiter, to appear before them. If certain ceremonies were performed, the god was compelled to obey; but, if they were neglected, he became outrageous in his revenge. In one case he was a docile slave, in the other an implacable tyrant. In the latter character it was that he dealt with Tullus.

Others, less influenced by superstition, were of opinion that he and his family, when met together to sacrifice, were murdered by Ancus Marcius, his successor, who afterwards set fire to the palace to conceal the crime.

Tullus Hostilius died in the 33rd year of his reign, 114 years after the foundation of Rome.



THE GREAT WATER-BEETLE.

THE little museum of Charles Long gave his brother quite as much pleasure as Charles had hoped it would. Alfred not only admired it exceedingly, and examined every object minutely, but he was as desirous as his brother to add to the collection.

Thus the two boys had always some pleasant object in their walk which equally interested them both.

Sometimes they climbed old decayed trees, to search amidst the crevices of the bark for several insects which frequent these spots, or to examine the deep holes where the fine rotten powder of the wood formed a place of concealment for various kinds of caterpillars, during their pupa state.

At other times the brothers raked and fished along the edges of small streams, searching for fresh-water muscles, hoping to find the English pearl; or for spiders, and other insects which skim lightly along the surface of the water, not by swimming, but by actual walking. In searching for one thing, many other curious objects, well worth observing, were often found.

When the boys wished to extend their walk after

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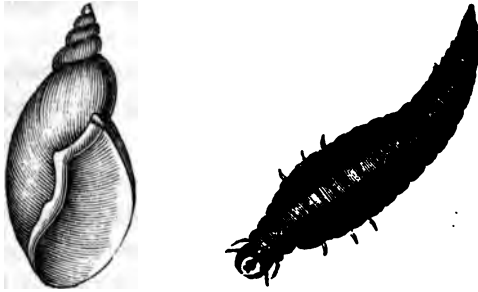
they had collected as many objects as they cared for at the time, they used to form a kind of dock by damming up the mud of the stream or pond into a circular bank, and then deposit the different things till they returned. They took good care, however, to separate the larger insects from the others; for some they found were so voracious, that the smaller easily fell a prey to them.

On one of these exploring occasions Alfred and Charles went to a neighbouring pond to search for the long taper water-snail that creeps along the surface of the water, precisely as the common snail does on land, with the difference only of having the shell and body reversed. They soon found the object of their walk. The day was fine and warm, and the snails were not particularly active. They appeared to find quite enjoyment enough in reposing on the leaves of the water-lilies, or in suspending themselves from the surface of the clear pond. Whole clusters of them, of every size, were in these positions. Suddenly there appeared a commotion among some of them, and one after another quickly let itself drop to the bottom of the pond, while those on the rushes, or water-lilies, attempted to crawl hastily away.

What could occasion these movements? It was some time before either Alfred or Charles could find out.

THE GREAT WATER-BEETLE.

At length Charles exclaimed, "I see, I see! There is a leech, a great leech got among them; look, Alfred, there he is twisting and turning round that poor snail, and he has buried his head right in the body, as if he would devour every morsel. There, the shell of the snail is floating away quite empty. Do not you see the large black fellow near that tall water-plantain?"



"Yes, I see it now," replied Alfred; "but I do not think it is a leech. It is some kind of insect that we have never seen before. Let us catch it."

The net was ready in a moment, and to their great pleasure the black fellow, and two or three snails, were soon brought safely to land, besides a variety of other insects.

A little dock was quickly formed, and filled with water, and the strange-looking insect, together with the snails, placed in it.

"What enormous jaws the creature has!" said

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Charles. "You may well say it is not a leech, Alfred. No leech has a fierce-looking mouth like that."

"Nor six legs, as this insect has," said Alfred.

"Sec, it is floating on its back like a water-boatman; there, now it has seized one of the small snails; and look, it has turned itself again, and



has placed the snail on its own back."

"What can it do that for?" exclaimed Charles.

"I suppose he thinks he can smash the snail better in that position," said Alfred, "for he is crushing it between his jaws and his back. The snail is gone so far into the shell that he cannot easily get at it without breaking the shell. How he is sucking it!"

"But how curiously the head of this black fellow must be placed," said Charles, "to enable him to turn it round, and eat the snail from off his own back. If I turn my head ever so much, I can scarcely see a part of my own back; but he twists and turns his head and body in every direction, as if there were no difficulty about the matter. Let us take him home, Alfred, and some of these little flat snail-shells that have stuck to the net."

Alfred agreed; and, by means of a little tin box, and a large-sized phial or two, the boys secured all the insects they wished to take home, leaving such

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as they well knew the habits of to enjoy themselves in the pond again.

When they arrived at home, Charles ran to their mother, and begged her to come to them in his own room. "Do come, mamma, for we have something most curious to show you; something that I think you have never seen before. Alfred has gone into my room with it. Can you come now?"

"I will be with you almost directly," replied Mrs. Long. "I am glad you have found something that is new to you."

Content with his mother's answer, Charles hastened to his brother, to help him to place the different objects in fresh tumblers of water.

"Now, mamma," exclaimed Charles, as Mrs. Long entered the room, "have you ever seen this pond monster before?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Long; "I have seen them in the ponds three or four times, and once I kept two in a bottle of water for several weeks. I am not surprised at your giving it that name, Charles; for it is a most voracious creature, and preys upon all the other water insects, besides destroying the spawn of fish, and even the fish themselves when in a young state. In France they are called '*Vers assassins*' (assassin worms), on account of their greedy voracious nature."

"But what are they, mamma?" inquired Alfred. "They are not really worms, are they?"

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"No; they are the larvæ of the 'great water-beetle,' which is a very interesting creature, and one of the largest of our English insects. The perfect insect measures nearly two inches in length, and, when its wings are extended, four inches across."



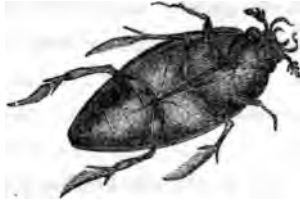
"Have you ever seen the beetle, mamma?" said Charles.

"No, though I have often wished to do so; but I have read about it, and I can show you a print, if you like, both of the larva and the perfect insect. Alfred, fetch 'Shaw's Insects' from the parlour for me."

The book was procured, and Mrs. Long, by turning to the index, quickly found the print she sought for. "*Hydrophilus piceus*" was the Latin name of the insect.

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"The extremities of four of the legs are covered with hairs," said Alfred; "just as the legs of the water-boatman are covered, and which you told us, mamma, assisted the water insects in swimming."



"Yes, they do so," replied Mrs. Long; "for the hairs are placed so closely together, that they act like little fins. The great water-beetle swims and flies remarkably well, but it walks badly."

"What can this long pointed thing be," said Charles, "which is represented on the under side of the body?"

"It is a very long and sharp-pointed spine, which seems like a continuation of the hard shelly covering of the throat, and extends more than half the length of the body; but I do not know its use, or whether it can be raised at pleasure."

"And this little nest, mamma?" said Alfred. "Is that formed by the great water-beetle for its eggs?"

"Yes; and a very curious nest it is. I wish you could find me a real one. I have long searched for one in vain, though they have frequently been observed by other persons, and even the whole method

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of constructing them. The great water-beetle, and a few insects nearly resembling it, are the only insects known to spin an egg-pouch like the spiders. Of these the great water-beetle alone attaches the pouch to a water-plant, and when complete leaves it. The other hydrophili carry them about with them like the wolf-spider, attached to the under side of the body."

"Tell us all you know about this nest, mamma, if you please," said Alfred.

"I have read in Kirby's work on insects," replied Mrs. Long, "that the general appearance of the nest somewhat resembles a small turnip-radish when reversed, and that it consists of an inner pouch formed of a light down of great whiteness, which immediately surrounds the eggs, and keeps them from injuring one another; and that the exterior tissue is made of a kind of glutinous paste, which, when once dry, becomes a flexible covering, through which the water cannot penetrate. From the centre of the nest rises a little curved horn about an inch long, which is of a silky nature, shining and porous, and which allows the air to enter."



"And how do the larvæ get out?" said Charles; "do they eat their way through?"

"No; they escape by an opening which is left

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for that purpose, and which in the print is shown by that dark spot. This part, before the eggs are hatched, is closed by a very thin tissue, which can be easily broken through, though the water cannot enter. Thus the little larvæ are protected from the voracity of fishes and insects, until they quit their curious cradle. The parent insect is furnished with a pair of spinners to form her nest with, something like those of the spider, and she works with great quickness and agility, never leaving it till she has completed her task."

"And how long is she about it?" inquired Alfred.

"M. Miger, a Frenchman, who has observed these insects very accurately, says the general time is about three hours. He has had three great water-beetles at a time all spinning before him."

"And was he ever able to rear the eggs?"

"No; he observed with pleasure the young larvæ quit the nest, enter it again, and sport for some time around it, but he could not succeed in finding out the proper food for them in their tender state. Those that he had taken from the ponds, however, and which were considerably older, he managed to keep until they became perfect insects."

"Indeed! and what did he feed them with, mamma?" asked Charles.

"Small pieces of raw meat."

"And does M. Miger mention, mamma, how

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long the insect is growing from the time that the egg is laid till it becomes a perfect beetle?" said Alfred.

"Yes; he thinks it is about ninety-eight days; and of this time the insect passes sixty days in the larva form."

"And how am I to know when my larva is going to change into the pupa, mamma?" said Charles.

"You must sink the tumbler of water in a large pot of earth," said Mrs. Long; "and when the larva is on the point of passing into the pupa state, it will come out of the water, and employ its large jaws and feet to dig a little circular hole in the earth. Into this it will creep; and, covering itself over with earth, will carefully close its cell, leaving no kind of opening. It will remain there about three weeks, gradually casting its skin aside, and acquiring little by little its new form. When every part is perfect in form and hardened, the insect will break open its prison."

"I wish, Alfred, we may be able to keep ours till it changes," said Charles, as his mother finished speaking. "I think we must cover the pot of earth with some gauze or net, or we may chance to lose him when he is leaving the water."

"Yes, so we will," replied his brother; "but do not take it away yet. It appears to me, mamma, that this larva breathes through the tail; for if you

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observe it well, it frequently rises to the surface of the water, and the tail is always a little raised above the water, and even now that he is swimming head downwards his tail is just on the surface."

"I believe that is the habit of several aquatic insects, Alfred, as well as of this larva," replied Mrs. Long. "I have watched the motions of many that I have not been able to learn the names of, which seemed to be perpetually ascending and descending, tail upwards, to the surface of the water for the purpose of breathing."

"Is the beetle itself as voracious as the larva?" said Charles.

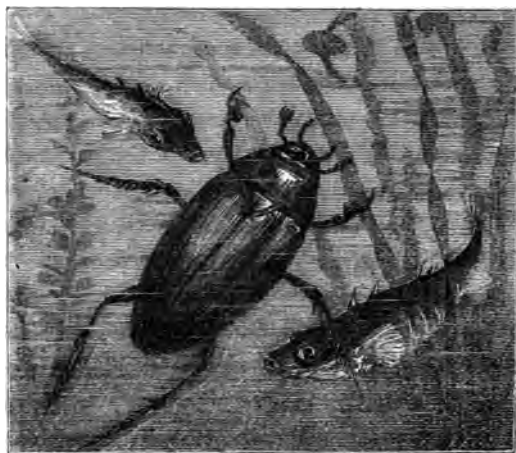
"No, it lives as much upon vegetable as on animal matter, and, therefore, is not such a dreadful enemy to the smaller insects as the larva. There are other beetles similar in outward form to the great water-beetle, except that they are smaller, but whose habits are quite different; therefore, when you search the ponds for the hydrophilus, do not be sure you have found it, until you have well examined it with this print by your side. I can show you books that contain fuller accounts of this larva, but I should like you to keep the larva for a day or two, and to tell me first what peculiarities you may observe yourselves."

"Yes, I should like to do that," said Alfred; "for it is very pleasant, I think, to find out the very same

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things that learned people have written about. Has it not struck you, mamma, how oddly this larva floats on his back? And the head is so curiously twisted, that it causes you to mistake the lower for the upper side. Upon first seeing it, indeed," continued Alfred, laughing, "I half thought his legs grew on his back."

"It had been so described by several authors," said Mrs. Long, "until more careful observers gave us more correct information."



THE LOCK.

"You seem very busy this morning, lads," said Mr. Harmer, as he entered the play-room, and saw Fred standing upon a chair at a closet, arranging piles of books which George was handing to him from time to time, while around them were painting-boxes, desks, models of steam-engines and carriages, boats, bridges, and a variety of other things.

"Yes, papa," said Fred, "mamma has given us the use of this closet, that we may keep our books and different things together. Lucy is so fond of looking at our contrivances, that she often injures them if they happen to be within her reach, and we are not at home to take care of them: mamma says, therefore, that as Lucy is too young to understand the value of them, it would be better for us to keep out of her reach those things that we do not wish her to play with. Is not this closet large and roomy, and are not these shelves around the three sides of it convenient?"

"There is one thing, papa, though, that the closet requires," said George, "before we can be quite sure that Lucy cannot get at our things."

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"What is that?" said Mr. Harmer.

"A lock, papa," replied George. "If you will allow us to put a lock on your door, we intend to buy one."

"I will allow you with pleasure," replied Mr. Harmer, "but who is to fix the lock?"

"I think I can," said Fred.

"Yes," said his father, "as you can use the necessary tools for the purpose, the chisel, and mallet, and screw-driver, and keyhole saw, I dare say you will be able to accomplish it. I think, however, it would be a good plan to try to fix the lock in a plain piece of wood first, and then you will be less likely to spoil the door."

To this Fred willingly agreed. "But what sort of a lock am I to ask the ironmonger for?" said he.

"It must be a common cupboard lock," said his father, "about four inches long; then the bolt must come out to the *left* hand, and I should like it to have *solid wards*. The lock should be sunk inside a hollow cut out of the door, and not merely screwed outside. The ironmonger will know exactly what you want, if you ask for a *four-inch, left-hand, inside cupboard lock, with solid wards*."

"Thank you, papa," said Fred; "as soon as we have placed the things neatly in the closet, we will go and buy the lock."

When the boys went to the ironmonger's, they saw

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a great variety of locks, on one of which was written, "The sum of one hundred pounds will be given to the person who can pick this lock." This made them very curious to know something about it.

"It must be a very valuable lock, if it is impossible or very difficult to pick it," observed Fred to his brother. "I have heard a hundred times of locks that have been picked by thieves, for the sake of stealing valuable property."

"Pray," said Fred, turning to the shopman, "why cannot that lock be picked?"

"On account of the number of *tumblers*."

The man's answer puzzled the boys exceedingly. "What are tumblers, sir?" inquired George.

"They are the things that lock the bolt, and prevent it from shooting," answered the shopman.

The boys were not much wiser for this explanation, so they resolved to ask their father about the lock when they reached home. They purchased the cupboard lock; but as they were leaving the shop, they could not help lingering at the window, to look once more at the lock which had particularly struck their attention.

"How I should like to see the inside of that lock!" said Fred, softly, to his brother.

"Should you?" said the master of the shop, who had overheard Fred's remark. "Then if you will come this afternoon at five o'clock, I will show it to

THE PARENTS' CABINET.

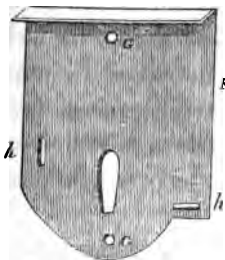
you, as I shall then be at leisure ; and perhaps I shall be able to make you understand its construction."

Fred thanked the ironmonger for his good-natured offer, and said he should feel much pleasure in coming.

The boys ran home and told their father of the curious lock, and of the invitation they had received. "But," said Fred, "I should like to see the inside of this common lock first, because I think I shall then better understand the valuable lock that the ironmonger is going to show us."

"You may easily see the inside of the lock," said Mr. Harmer, "by unscrewing the two little screws which screw the back and front of the lock together."

George fetched the screw-driver, and Fred soon took out the screws. Mr. Harmer then pointed out the different parts of the lock, which are exactly like these little drawings:*



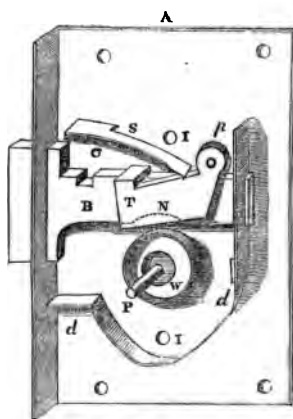
The drawing shows a cross-section of a lock. It consists of a front plate (labeled F) and a back plate (labeled A). The front plate has a keyhole in the center, two small circular holes labeled G at the top, and two small rectangular holes labeled h on the sides. The back plate has two small circular holes labeled I at the top. The text explains that the front plate has two long narrow holes h h that fit on to two projecting studs d d, and that the two plates are held together by two screws passing through holes G G in the front plate into holes I I in the back plate.

go through the holes G G in the front plate, into I I in the back plate, screw the two plates firmly

* When practicable a common lock should be procured and opened.

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together. B is the bolt, having two little square notches in the top edge. T is the tumbler, pressed downwards by the spring S, and turning on a little pin at *p*. The tumbler has a little square stud at the top corner, and this stud falls or *tumbles* into one of the two square notches in the bolt. When the bolt is out, or *shot*, as it is called, it cannot be drawn back till the tumbler is lifted out of the bolt; nor when the bolt is drawn back can it be shot, until the tumbler is lifted up."

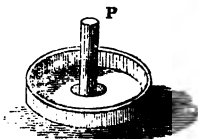


"Oh! now I understand," said Fred, "what the shopman meant, when he told us that the tumblers lock the bolt, and prevent it from shooting."

"What is that little brass thing for in the back plate?" said George. "It is something like a little pill-box."

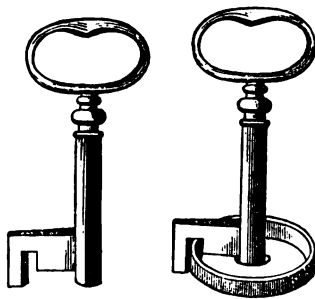
"That contrivance is called the *wards*," said his father.

"Sometimes these wards are made of thin pieces of iron, bent round; but when made of a solid piece of brass, they are called *solid*



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wards. Wards are made of a great variety of shapes, and the use of them is to prevent a false key from



being put into the lock; for if the key is not cut to fit the wards, it cannot get by them. P is the guide pin on which the key turns."

Their father then pointed out to them how well the key fitted

the wards, and George was much amused at seeing the key pass so easily round the little steps, as he called them.

"Now," said Mr. Harmer, "as we have got the key into the lock, let us see how *it shoots the bolt*. At the bottom edge of the bolt is a round notch (N)* for the edge of the key to fall into; and close by this notch is the lower end of the tumbler. When the key is turned round, it presses against the lower edge of the tumbler, and lifts it up, and of course lifts it out of the bolt; and as soon as the tumbler is lifted high enough, the key pushes against the inside of the round notch in the bolt, and pushes the bolt forward; and then, as the key turns away, the tumbler falls into the notch, and keeps the bolt from being pushed back."

* Shown by the dotted line.

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On looking at the shape of the key, Mr. Harmer said he thought he had a key like it, and, in comparing them, Fred thought there was no difference between them. His father put it into the wards, and it passed over them very well, and even lifted up the tumbler; but still it would not shoot the bolt. George was much surprised that the bolt did not move, and asked his father the reason.

"You had better try to find it out yourselves," said Mr. Harmer. As soon as Fred had the lock in his own hands, both he and his brother carefully examined it. "I see, I see," said Fred; "although the tumbler is lifted up by the key, it is not lifted up quite high enough, for the square stud of the tumbler is not lifted *entirely* out of the notch in the bolt. Look, papa, the tumbler requires to be lifted about the thickness of a card higher."

"Yes," said his father, "you have found out why the bolt will not shoot, and you can easily perceive how necessary it is that the key should be made exact, for if the end of my key had only been the thickness of a card longer at the edge, it would have lifted the tumbler high enough."

"I should think, papa," said Fred, "that, as our key would lift up the tumbler in *your* lock higher than your key can in our lock, we might be able to open your lock with our key."

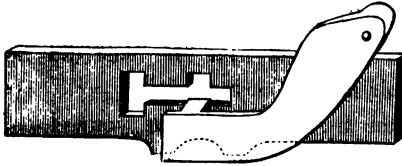
"Very likely," said Mr. Harmer; "because

THE PARENTS' CABINET.

the bolt of my lock has no notches *above* the tumbler."

"I do not quite understand you, papa," said Fred.

"The bolts of some locks," continued Mr. Harmer,



"are made in this manner," and, as he spoke, he made a slight sketch on a slip of paper.

"It is not difficult to understand, if the tumbler is lifted too high, even if it were the thickness of a card, in a lock of this construction, that the bolt would be locked as effectually as by not lifting the tumbler high enough. But, as I observed before, my lock has no notches above the tumbler."

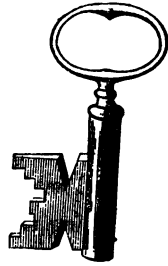
On trial, the boys found that their key opened their father's lock with ease.

After this conversation, the boys proceeded to try their skill, by fixing the new lock in the piece of wood, and having succeeded to their satisfaction, they put it very neatly into the closet-door. They could now securely lock up their treasures, when wishing to be absent from home.

At five o'clock they went to the ironmonger's, quite glad that they knew something more, as to how tumblers locked the bolt, and prevented it from shooting, than they did in the morning. The iron-

THE LOCK.

monger showed them the inside of the lock. It had not fewer than seven tumblers, and in the edge of the key were seven notches, like steps. He told them that each step raised a separate tumbler, and that if either of the notches in the *bit* (as he called that part of the key) were in the slightest degree too high, or too low, the lock could not be opened. The lock was of beautiful workmanship. The ironmonger told them that locks were made for as low a price as twopence, and as high as twenty pounds. He also showed them several kinds of locks, and took a great deal of pains to explain the various forms of them. The boys left the shop, thanking the obliging master of it very warmly, for the trouble he had taken to please them.



“Really, papa,” said Fred, on his return, “I think there is something to be learned from everything around us!”

“Indeed there is, Fred; and the more you acquire the habit of seeking information upon every subject that excites your attention, the wiser you will become, and the greater will be your power of being useful both to yourself and others.”

APPARENT COURSE OF THE SUN.

WHEN we see the bright sun disappear in the west,
Does it find in the clouds a soft pillow of rest?
Oh, no! while it leaves us in shadowy night,
It is rising elsewhere with the fresh morning light:
On the shores of Japan 'tis beginning to peep,
While you British lasses are nodding with sleep!
At midnight, while we in forgetfulness lie,
And the pale twinkling stars are bespangling the sky,
In China the clocks are already at seven,
In frigid Kamtschatka 'tis almost eleven;
'Tis noon in New Zealand,—the savage, reclining
Beneath the thick shade, on his fern root is dining;
The sun's evening rays are on Mexico cast,
From the shores of Brazil all the daylight has pass'd.
And thus, while we slumber unconscious away,
Other countries in turn feel the warmth of the day;
Where'er the sun rises, birds warble their lays,
And the dew-sprinkled flowers expand to his rays.





THE
PARENTS'
CABINET
OF
AMUSEMENT
AND
INSTRUCTION



LONDON.
SMITH, ELDER & CO 65. CORNHILL